

FOR ADULTS ONLY

FREN KISS COMIX

#14

SEX ME UP!

\$9.95

ADULT COMICS MAGAZINE

GORGEOUS
ART BY

DIEGO GRECO
& ERDOSAIN

SANTACRUZ

GABRIEL B.

ALVARO

ARMAS
NOE

MAN

ATILIO
& IVAN

FEROCIUS

BRITO & VAL

AL AZIF
& MORR

C
E
X
X
X

coffee



Contents



- 1 Cover
- 3 Superheroes from N.Y.
- 11 Akeronya
- 19 Housewives getting laid
- 27 Under the Counter
- 28 R.E.M.
- 36 Incredible stories
- 42 Mondo Porno
- 44 Wanda Wolfe
- 50 Rainbow
- 68 Connected
- 74 Story
- 75 Nerea
- 83 Aftershave
- 91 Exposition

Editorial

LIBERTY AND JUSTICE FOR ALL

You often hear people say that Puritanism is on the rise in America. They say the new mechanisms of censorship are more subtle and wicked than ever. But in the Old World there are plenty of hypocrites with no sense of humor or blood in their veins who put their hands and snouts where it's none of their business. At the end of March of this year, a news story appeared that gave a glimpse of a terrifying image of where Europe might be headed thanks to the progressive relaxation of its borders. Gerhard Haderer, an Austrian comic strip artist, faced a prison term of six months to two years for his story *Life of Jesus*: a forty-page book published in ten countries that was pretty successful in some of them. In it, the Son of God is portrayed as a pothead who parties with Jimi Hendrix and is a surf bum. An image that has gotten up in arms guess who, in all of places ... the Greeks! In Greece, the orthodox church managed to provisionally pull the book from store shelves in 2002. In 2005, when Haderer was told that a Greek court had passed a judgment on him for blasphemy, the guy, as would be normal, laughed it off. When he got a court summons and started learning more about his case, though, he started to get a little worried: Haderer might have been the first victim of the common judicial system of the European Union that came into force in June 2002.

Thank God our story has a happy ending. This past April 13, the Austrian artist had all charges dropped against him and his book began circulating freely through the country again. Hopefully

the judicial sentence will be a precedent in and outside of its borders, and the whiners of the world won't prevail and they'll go back to their own business. That's the only way we'll be able to keep on enjoying the erotic delicacies every three months from high-caliber artists like **Man**, **Noe**, **Atilio**, **Ferocius**...and our latest discovery, who we premier this month: **Santacruz**. We'll leave you with that. A big hug and a final thought: Liberty and Justice for All!

**scanned by coffee 2006
for CExXx**

QUARTERLY ADULT COMICS MAGAZINE

First edition: August 2005

All rights reserved. Nothing may be reproduced in whole or in part without written permission from the publisher.

Any similarity to real people and places is purely coincidental.

Publisher assumes no responsibility with unsolicited material.

Publisher: Ediciones La Cupula, S.L.

Editor: JM Berenguer

International Rights: Montse Torreros

Contributing Writers: Susi Glamour, Ruben Lardin, Spike Spiegel

Translators and Proofreaders: Cynthia Wong, C. Cavollo

Lettering: L. Andres, C. Ruiz, John "The Master" Muler

DLC: B-35865-2001

Printed in Spain by Lifur

ISSN: 1579-9298

FRENCH KISS COMIX is a trademark of Ediciones La Cupula S.L.
Pza. Boceta #3 E. Barcelona 08003, Spain
Tel: (34) 93-268-2805 Fax: (34) 93-268-0765

www.frenchkisscomix.com

KUFAL
©2005 Kufal and Ediciones La Cupula

SANTACRUZ

©2005 Santacruz and Ediciones La Cupula

ATILIO & IVAN

©2005 Atilio Gambodotti, Ivan Guevara and Ediciones La Cupula

ARMAS

©2005 Armas and Ediciones La Cupula

RUBEN LARDIN

©2005 Ruben Lardin and Ediciones La Cupula

GABRIEL B.

©2005 Sergio Arino and Ediciones La Cupula

MAN

©2005 Man and Ediciones La Cupula

SUSI GLAMOUR

©2005 Susi Glamour and Ediciones La Cupula

ALVARO

©2005 Alvaro and Ediciones La Cupula

FEROCIUS

©2005 Ferocius and Ediciones La Cupula

AL AZIF & MORR

©2005 Al Azif, Morr and Ediciones La Cupula

JOE STONE

©2005 Joe Stone and Ediciones La Cupula

BRITO & VAL

©2005 Brito, Val and Ediciones La Cupula

Diego Greco & Erdosain

©2005 Diego Greco, Erdosain and Ediciones La Cupula

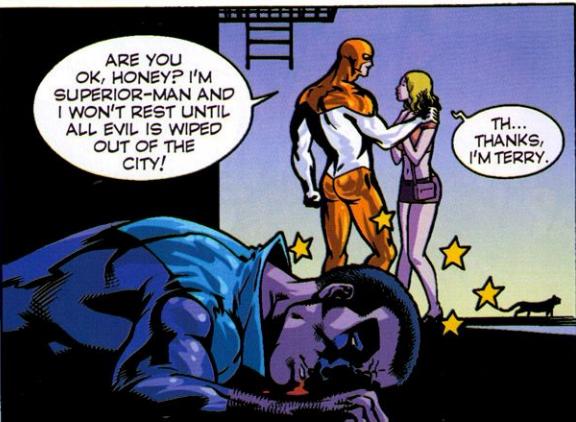
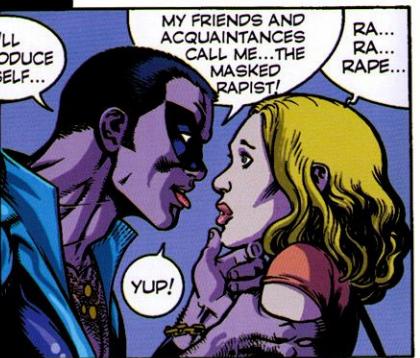
NOE

©2005 Noe and Ediciones La Cupula

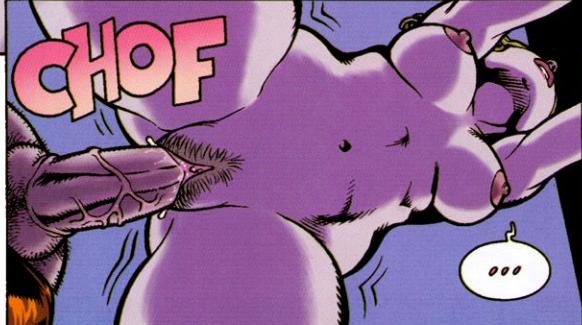
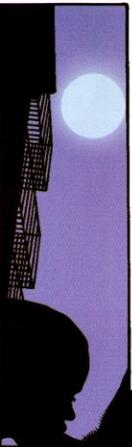


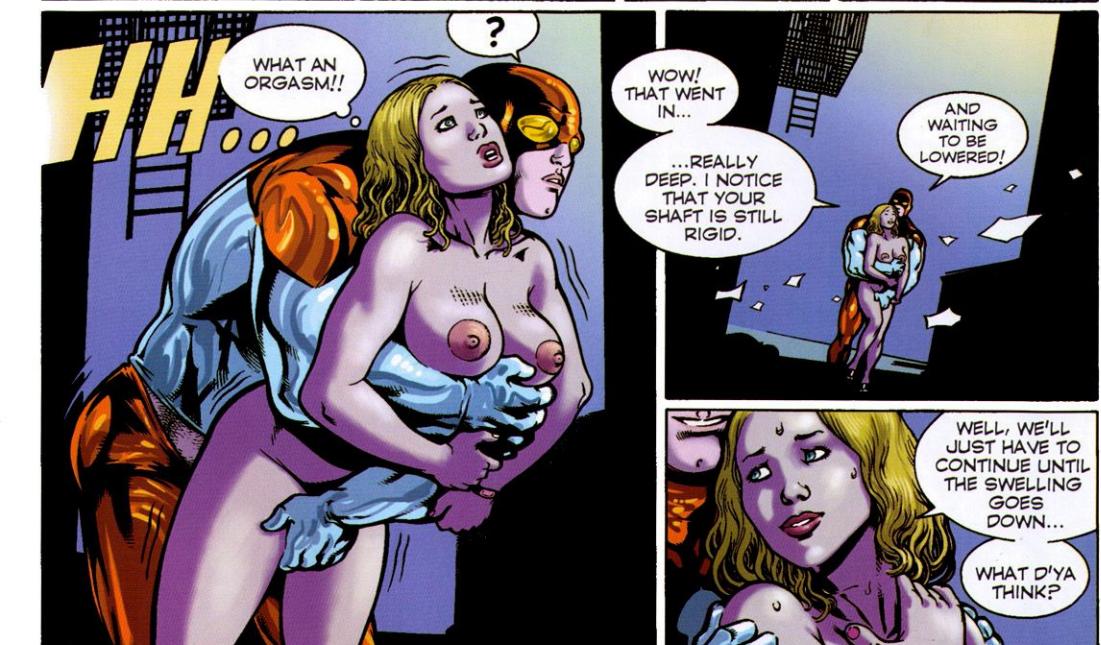
SUPERHEROES FROM N.Y. by Santacruz

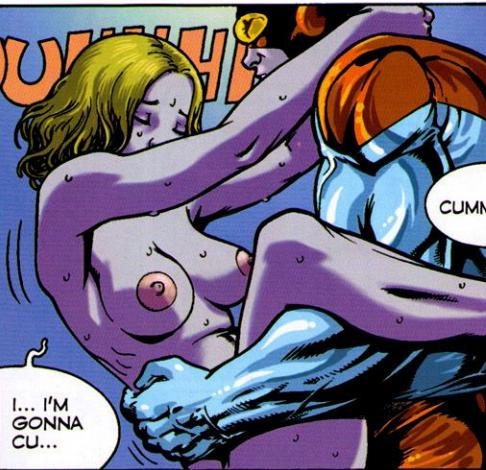






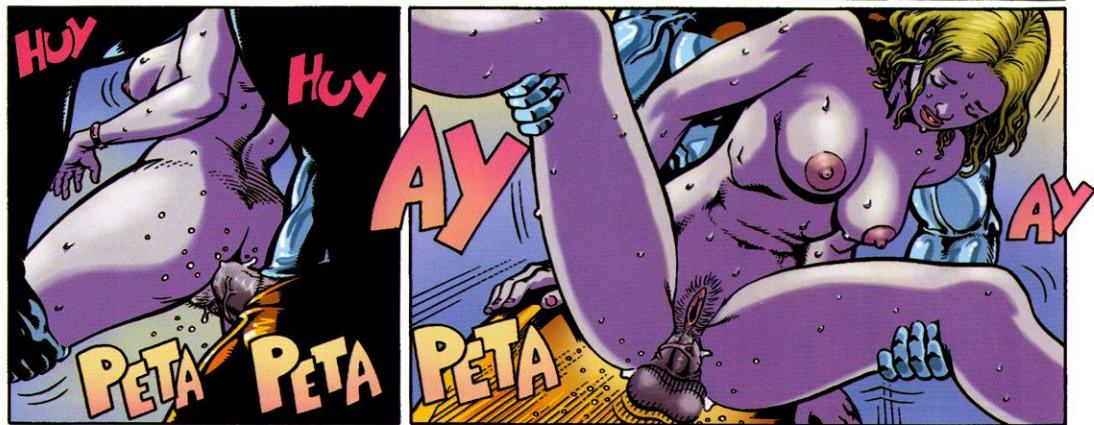


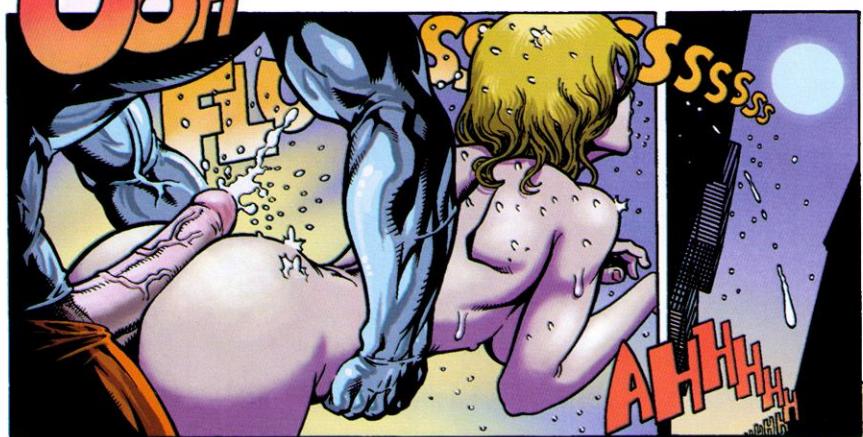






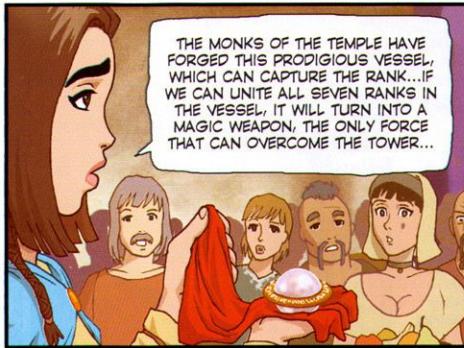
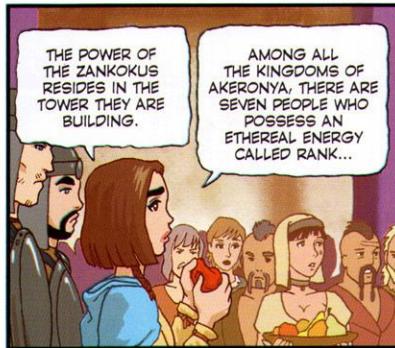
YOU'RE
RIPPIN' ME
APART...

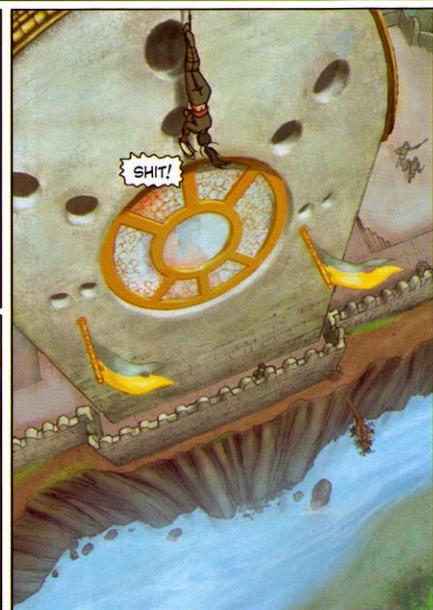
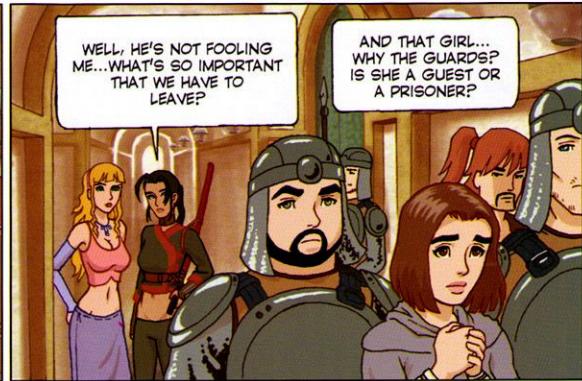
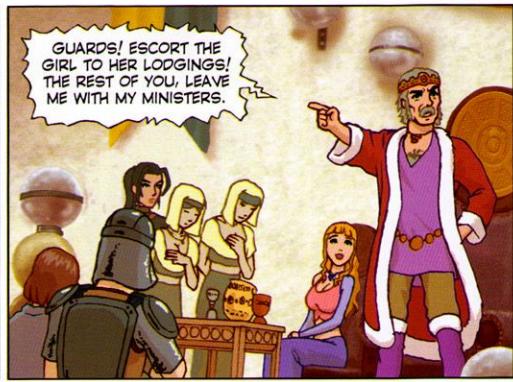
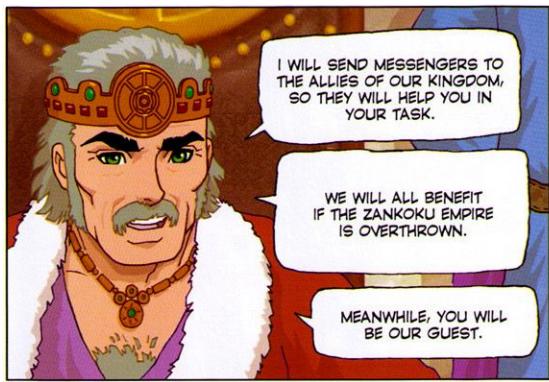




AKERONYA ESCAPE

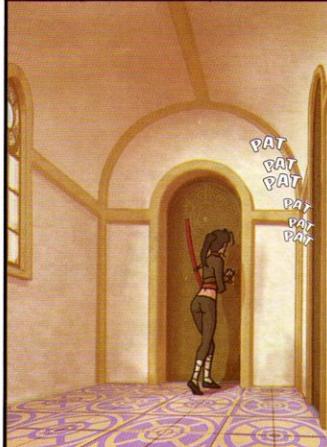
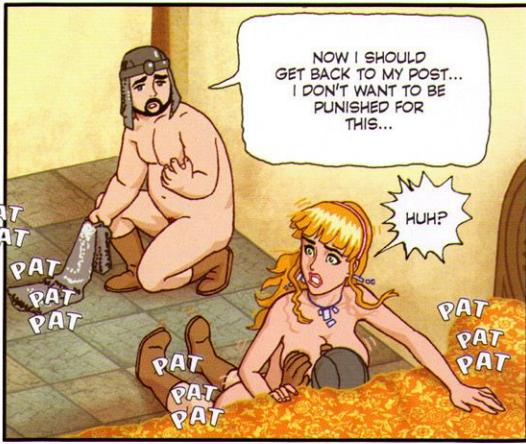
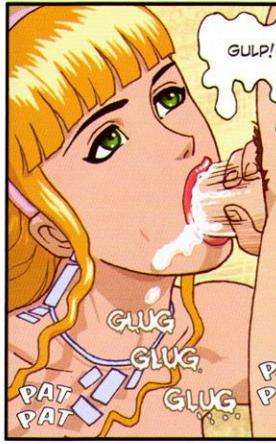
by Atilio Gamedotti & Ivan Guevara

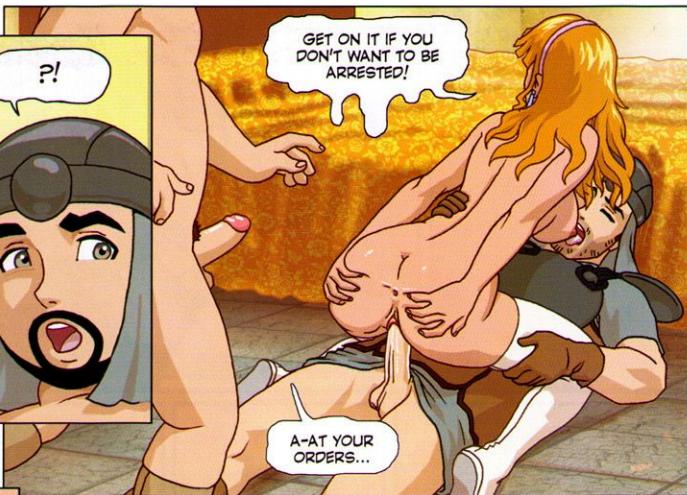




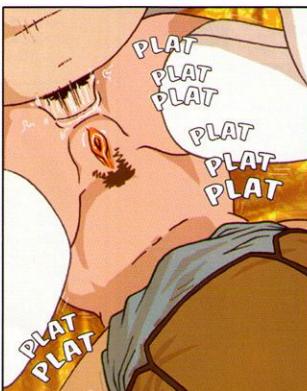


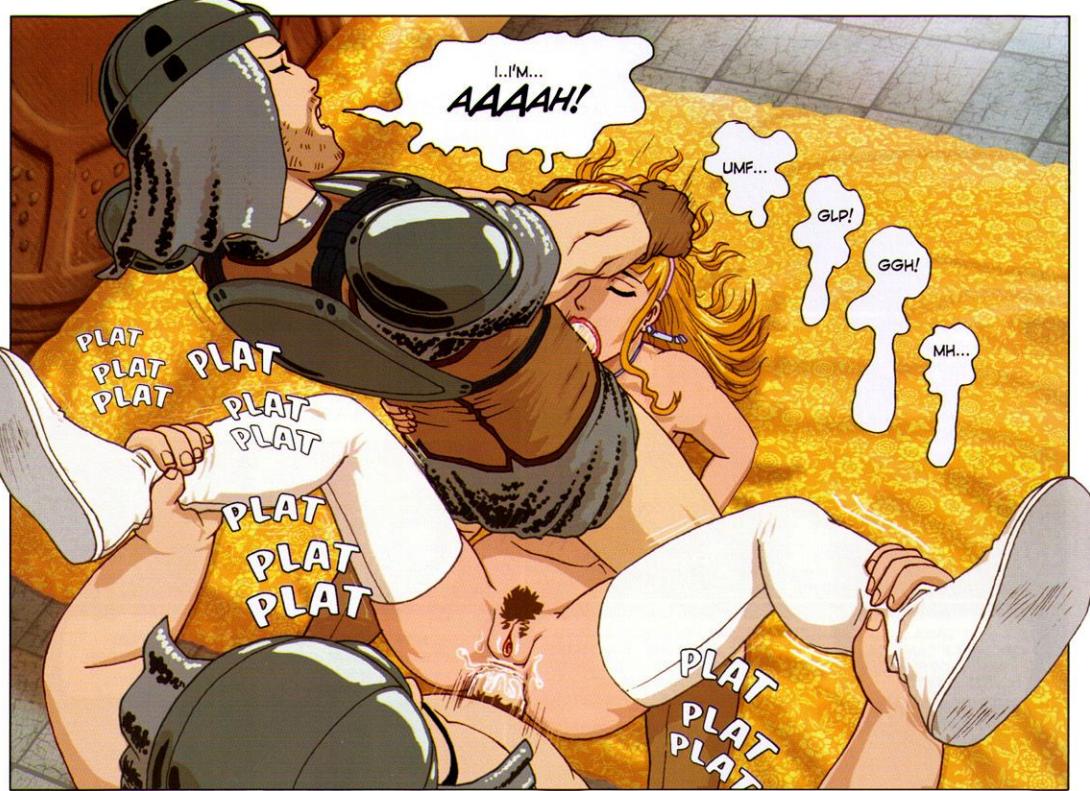






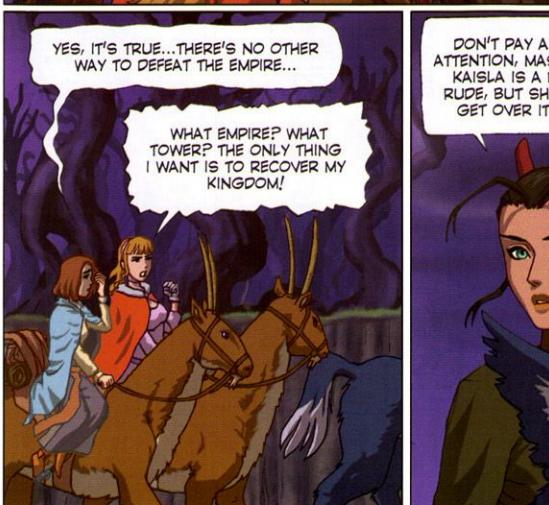
PLAT
PLAT





MMPH...!
AN EXCITING NEW
EXPERIENCE...! I'D LIKE
TO DO IT AGAIN
SOON...VERY SOON...

YOU HAVE FIVE
MINUTES TO
GET THEM UP!

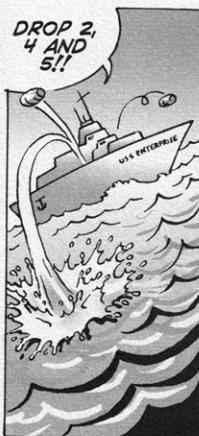
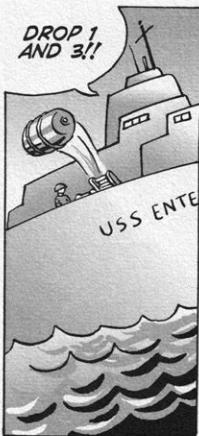


FOR WHATEVER THE REASON, WITH SOME WOMEN, YOU NEVER KNOW IF YOU'RE GONNA GET ANY.

YOU HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO LAY A DEPTH CHARGE ON THEM.

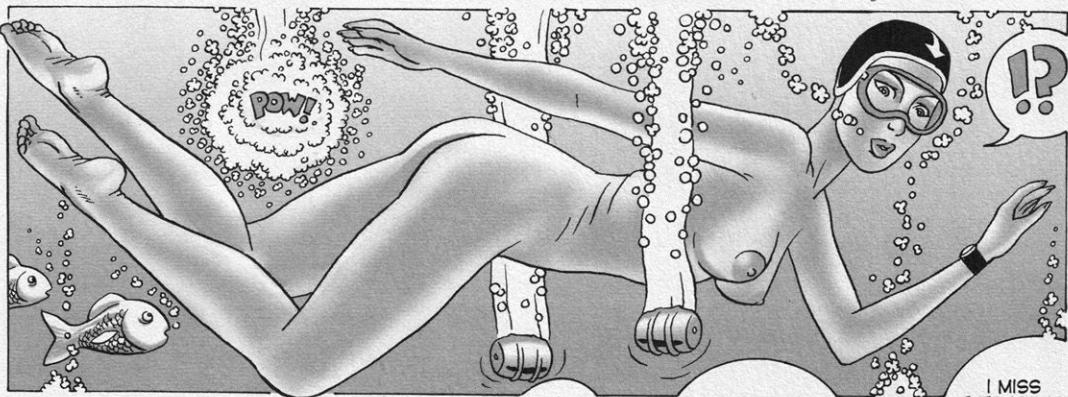
IT'S RISKY, BUT WITH THESE CHICKS YOU NEVER KNOW...

YOU MIGHT JUST GET SOME IF YOU'RE LUCKY.

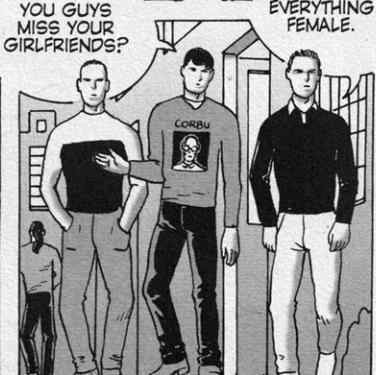


HOUSEWIVES getting some

Depth Charge
by Armas



A STUDENT
APARTMENT IN A
UNIVERSITY TOWN.
FOUR O'CLOCK,
COFFEE TIME.



THE COURSES WERE HARD AND THEY DIDN'T HAVE TIME FOR MUCH.

...CAUSE IT'S MY MOST FAITHFUL LOVER.

...IS GETTING OUT OF HAND...

DUDE, I CAN'T REMEMBER WHAT A PUSSY LOOKS LIKE.

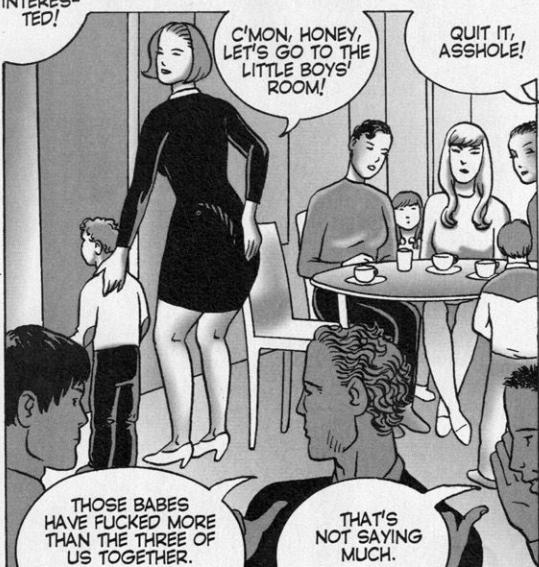
HA, HA, HA!! GOD, YOU'RE PATHETIC!!

I'M GONNA PUT A PICTURE OF MY HAND IN MY WALLET, RIGHT NEXT TO MY GIRLFRIEND...

ACTUALLY, THIS SITUATION...

DON'T LOOK NOW, BUT THOSE MOMS ARE EYING US.

DON'T LOOK, DAMMIT!



I'M GONNA WRITE OUR ADDRESS ON THIS NAPKIN AND GIVE IT TO THEM.

SEE IF THEY WANNA GET LAID.

YOU HAVEN'T GOT THE BALLS.

OH NO? WATCH CLOSELY, BOY.

AND OFF GOES MIKE WITH
WHAT I'D CALL A REAL DEPTH
CHARGE!

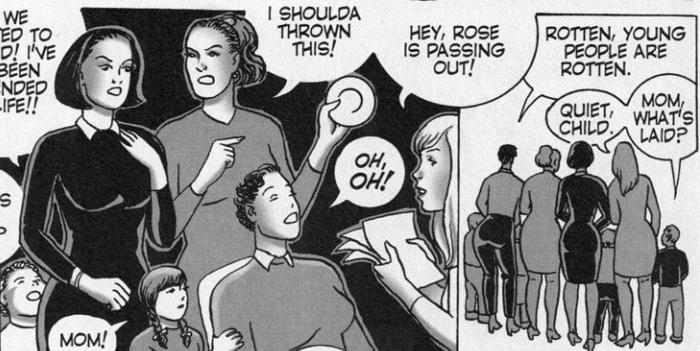


WAY TO GO,
MIKE!

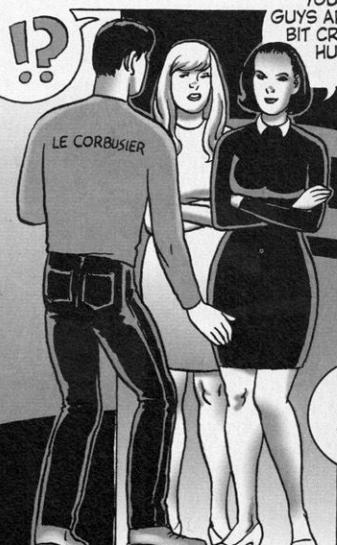
THAT'S WHAT I
CALL BALLS!

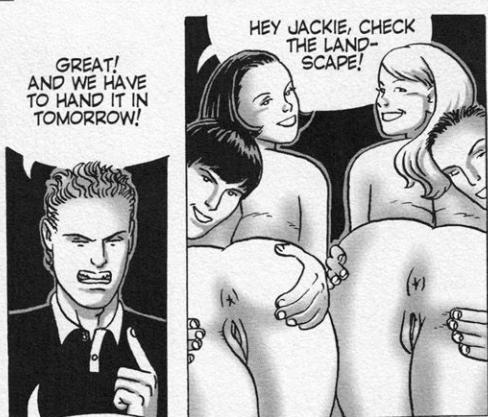
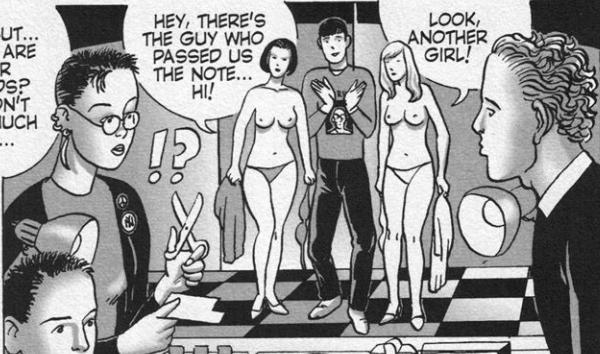


WANTED
TO GET LAID! I'VE
NEVER BEEN
SO OFFENDED
IN MY LIFE!!



BESIDES THE RISK, THE PROBLEM
WITH DEPTH CHARGES IS THEY
DON'T ALWAYS EXPLODE AT
THE RIGHT MOMENT...











YOU WOULDN'T DARE COME IN MY FACE!?

OH, YES, GIVE IT TO ME, PLEASE!

OH, SHIT...LAP, LAP, GULP!

YES, SOAK ME WITH CUM!

MHH...!



NOW BACK TO THE SCALE MODEL.

AND THE THEORY OF JUSTIFICATION!

ANOTHER NIGHT WITH NO SLEEP!

YOU GOTTA GO GIRLS.

HOW UNROMANTIC!



THAT'S WHAT WE GET FOR FUCKING KIDS!

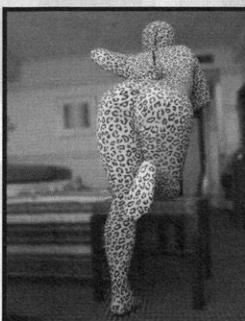
WHAT'RE YOU LOOKING AT? IS MY FACE FULL OF CUM?

8



Under the counter

by Ruben Lardin



FOUND IN TRANSLATION

Japanese artists have always fascinated those trying to be the hippest members of their generation but in reality are mostly dweebs with hang-ups about social licentiousness, obsessed with technology, and as Volker Grass-mück says, indies who won't deal with the establishment and who are the culmination of consumer culture. The biggest underground force capitalism could have imagined. And after that sociological reflection, we can concentrate on *Tokyo Girls*, another book filled with nicely reproduced photos for reading at inconvenient times.

Yasui Watanabe is the editor of *Sniper*, a cult magazine in Japan, and founder of the creative team *Amida 7*, at whose bosom he began his photographic work, part of which can be seen at www1.ttcn.ne.jp/~anjindesign/yasujiwatanabe.html. In this luxurious volume published by Edition Reuss, the discussion is typical of the Japanese, artists or not: infantilization, games, physical fragility, solitude, biological turmoil, sex objects and accidental sexiness. Watanabe's taste is peerless, imbued with ad clips and foreign films, more dramatic than over-hyped star Araki but gentler in his approach and thus more appealing to Western tastes. *Tokyo Girls* isn't a wanna-be erotic book unless you think that mixing food, outlandish fetishes and fully clothed urbanites isn't eroticism. But Watanabe isn't complacent when it comes to foolishness, and between fetish and phobia presents us with a ton of apathetic pussies, cotton panties and tied up girls as only the Japanese can and everyone else can only imitate.

TOKYO GIRLS
Yasui Watanabe
Edition Reuss
In bookstores with imported titles or at www.edition-reuss.de

FLOOR LENGTH DRESSES

Continuing with the Japanese theme, a bizarre, but not too outlandish recommendation. That the Japanese are our friends but are really kinky isn't news to anyone. And if you've got any doubt about that, visit this web page. The first impression is disturbing but a few more looks and our curiosity is piqued. Yes, it's perverse, but it's also fascinating. It's about what we perceive in photos and nothing more: galleries of totally anonymous women cinched into one-piece suits, everything visible but nothing exposed. A fetish that promotes the depersonalization and anonymity of the object of desire. Textures, colors, broad gestures that are undeniably feminine. This taste for depersonalization while suggesting all the hidden curves through materials like latex, leather and wool is called *zentai*, and is one of the many particular fetishes that the Japanese get into like no one else.

kigsa.hp.infoseek.co.jp/zentai.html

(Continued on page 35)

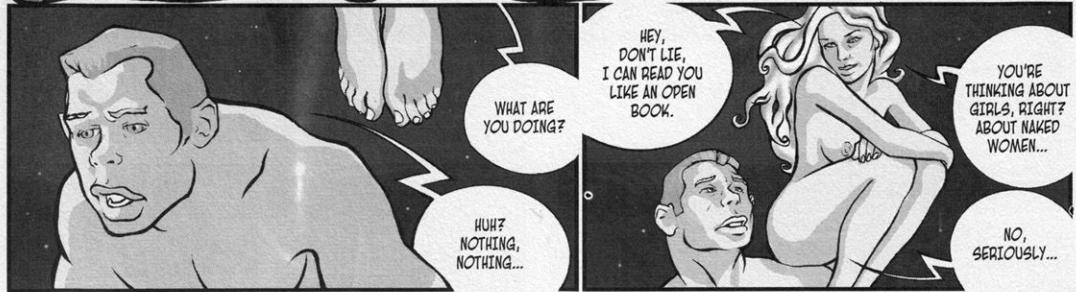
french kiss 14

27

R.E.M.

Gabriel B.

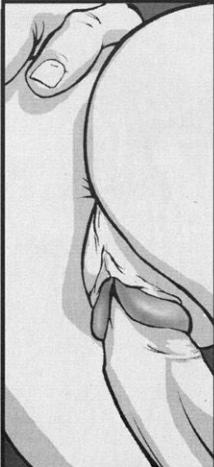
REAL PEOPLE'S STORIES,
FANTASIES, DREAMS AND
SEXY NIGHTMARES











READY!
YOU'RE
INSIDE ME
NOW.

AND NOW WHAT?
WHAT DO YOU MEAN
ABOUT GOING
UP?

HEY, WE'RE
TAKING
FLIGHT...

FLAP FLAP

DON'T WORRY,
I WON'T LET
YOU GO...

COME A
LITTLE CLOSER
TO MY LIPS...

...SO I CAN READ
YOU BETTER.

WELL,
ALMOST...THAT'S
LIKE WHAT I
THOUGHT...

WAS THAT WHAT
YOU HAD IN MIND?
FOR ME TO TURN
AROUND?

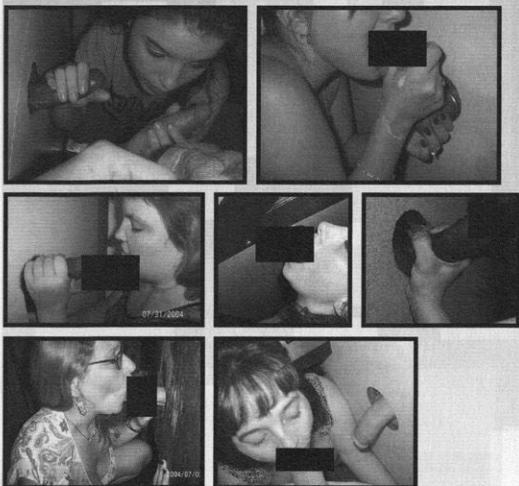


PERSONAL STORY FROM:
CLIVE B., SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

Under the counter

(Continued from page 27)

by Ruben Lardin



NO ONE'S DICK

Women, although they deny it, also focus their sexual interests in the penis. The most priggish would say it's all about little nibbles on the neck, and this and that, but when they get hot below the belt where they're made for a good pokin', there the silliness ends. The penis is a symbol, object of desire, specific representation of possible plenitude and the ultimate objective of female horniness. That's why the places specializing in this sort of interchange are hot and happening when at other times they were fodder only for the most daring. Like a natural derivation of typical dark room or XXX movie theater naughtiness, playing with an anonymous member through an orifice made for this purpose seems to be the thing at sex-shop booths for "all" audiences. Let's have a look: a woman or a girl goes into a booth, alone or accompanied. In the adjacent booth, a guy puts his dick in the hole and gets off. Personally, I'm not into the idea of being blown by an anonymous woman without any visual stimulation unless there's no other option; besides, it'd make me a little paranoid. I can't speak for you guys. But to see women so uninhibited, so greedy for cock and so sincere because of the anonymity, that would get us all off. If you want to check all this out, I'll leave you with a couple of sites where you'll find tons of material, along with other possibilities. You're welcome—don't mention it.

www.gloryhole.com

www.adulttheaterfun.com

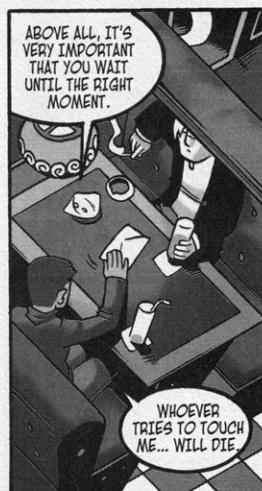
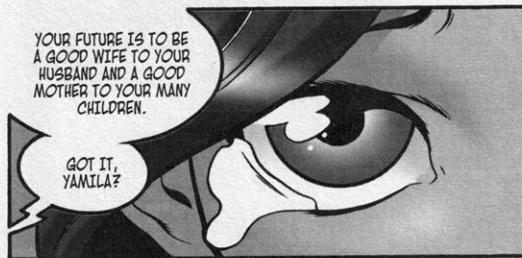


MORE MACHO THAN ANYONE!

And now an exotic product for those of you who can read Spanish. In the Internet age, paper fanzines don't seem so with it, but there are still powerful, important ones. *2000 Maniacos* from Spain is still cutting edge, and just as any excuse is a good one for throwing a party, this zine is celebrating 15 years of fringe journalism. Fifteen years talking about B, Z and X films. Fifteen years of raunchiness and fifteen years of cultural commentary free of hang-ups. In issue 33, the contents are as juicy as ever and as loaded with rage and disaster. An article on the life and work of *José María Ponce*, directly responsible for the internationalization of Spanish porn, who's also interviewed; a chat in the production studios with *Pedro Temboury*, a crazy Spaniard who just finished filming a movie called *They Stole Hitler's Dick*; the second part of the mega-interview with *José Ramón Larraz*, creator of titles as vital and exciting in Spanish cinema as *A Visit with Sin*; an interview with the entertaining *Bud Spencer*; another with *Russ Meyer*; a review of the psychotronic adventures of the superagent from the *Get Smart* series; and even a one-page story in which *The Prisoner* denounces the plagiarizing he was a victim of in *The Sea Inside*, the film by *Amenábar* that won the *Best Foreign Film Oscar*. It's clear that *2000 Maniacos* is still in tip-top form and that new Latino generations will grow up strong and healthy with their dose of...cinema. We're really looking forward to the next issue, which they've announced will be a special edition, watch out... *Girls Only!*

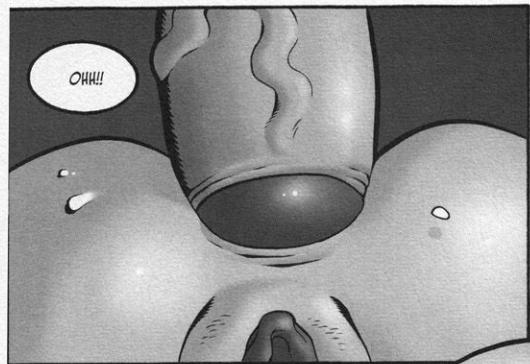
2000 Maniacos #33

Subscribe by writing to **Manuel Valencia, Apdo. 5251, 46080 Valencia, Spain** or send an e-mail: manolin@inkia.es













brings you the best of today's porn cinema: explosive actresses, hard'n'heavy actors, movie shoots, film releases, hot festivals....

JANINE

The blond bombshell from California



The return of the porn star Janine has the industry buzzing...as well as all the fans of good old American porn. Her new movie, *Maneater*, directed by Paul Thomas, shows her, for the first time, fucking actors with hair on their chests. The 90s, when she reached the heights of porn Olympia as "the lesbian queen", are well over. Now in the 21st century, Janine is back again. With more tats and bigger tits...and ready to devour all men who come her way!

CALIFORNIA HOT

Our explosive blond was born March 14, 1968 in Mirada, a tiny, forgotten town in California. She was baptized Janine Lindenmulder, and right away she stood out as one of the prettiest girls in school. Tall, flashy, brazen...the typical California cheerleader able to make guys lose their minds. "I didn't like school at all," Janine remembers. "I always snuck off with the bad boys. They were crazy years: too many parties, too much sex and too many drugs."

TEMPTATION'S NAME IS JANINE

Having just turned eighteen and with a killer bod, Janine graduates. The pace of her life goes from velocity to vertigo. Spending too much and barely any dollars in her pockets for a girl at an age ready to eat up the world, "the blond bombshell" decides to go for the gold and presents herself at a few photo auditions for *Penthouse*. In short time, she became the pet of the month. It's December 1987. "Getting chosen as a *Penthouse Pet* was a real stepping stone. There's a before and after *that* in my career," she recalls. "From one day to the next people recognized me in the street from my covers on men's magazines. I started making a lot of money and feeling more stable, not so crazy."



SEXY GIRL

Committed to turning herself into one of the most popular sex symbols in the United States, the California nymph danced and stripped in the best night clubs. She became one of the highest-earning strippers around and took advantage of her fame, acting in thrillers and low-budget action movies like *Spring Break USA*, *Moving Target* and *Caged Fury*. Between gunshots, chase scenes and car explosions, Janine displayed her talents for the big screen, screaming, running and showing her charms. But what about...porn? Easy now, we'll get there....

HOT DREAMS AND STEAMY SEX

It's 1992. The spectacular Janine debuts in the XXX film directed by the exquisite Andrew Blake (*Night Trips*) and produced by Ultimate Pictures. Her scene with Julia Ann, a super hot lesbian one in which they fuck like animals, playing with an ice dildo, wound up as—according to the magazine *AVN*—one of the best "girl-girl" scenes of all times and launched Janine into the big time: an exclusive contract with Vivid Video, without having to fuck guys on film, lots of promotion (magazine covers, autograph signing, awards at festivals) and first-rate films. A legend was born.

GIMME MORE!

Between 1992 and 2002, Janine was in more than ninety X movies, mostly with Vivid. She always shared scenes, pussy eating and sweat with other actresses, never actors. That's how successes like *Blondage*, *Suite 18*, *The Player*, *Sex Player* and the different movies from the lesbian series *Where the Boys Aren't* were made.

But her lack of sex scenes with men begged the question: Can a porn star allow herself the luxury of not fucking actors like Peter North, Randy Spears or Mike Horner? She defends herself: "Of course I could stay away from guys. It's the same thing as girls who don't want to do anal scenes or get in gangbangs. I didn't want a guy's dick near me. My private life is another thing. I can have as much fun with a guy as with a girl."

JULIA ANN

For seven years Janine formed a lethal artistic couple with her good friend Julia Ann. They hit all the American festivals with the erotic spectacle *Blondage*. Wagging tongues say that on more than one occasion and swept away by an unquenchable libido, the two porn stars had sex on site and spent the night in the slammer, accused of public indecency.

As far as women go, Janine was never confused: "My favorite is Julia Ann. She's a woman who knows what she wants and knows what you want. When we fucked, sparks flew and I had some of the best orgasms of my life."

PUT A PIMP IN YOUR LIFE

Although Janine never shot heterosexual porn on a commercial level, her fans got what they wanted. In 1996 *Janine & Vince Neil: Hardcore & Uncensored*, a home movie in which the golden blond had sex with the Mötley Crüe singer, came out. This urban legend turned into reality, in addition to her frequent late night appearances with Jay Leno and in *Blink 182* and *Vince Neil's* videos, made Janine a pop star. "I love feeling like a goddess and that everyone's hanging all over me," she proudly affirms. "I adore traveling all over the world, staying in the most expensive hotels and having a ton of admirers waiting



for autographs. What more could I ask for?"

MAN EATER

Lured by a multimillion contract, Janine has finally decided to fuck a guy in a movie. In *Maneater* she stars in three scenes: first with Nick Manning, then in a three-way with Dale de Bone and Angelica and lastly, with Julian. The porn superstar thrashes and moans, but still oozes eroticism and excitement. She's a little too heavily tattooed, and those rings in her nipples and clitoris are distracting, but watching her is exciting... really exciting. Her fans know that and they're turning this new movie directed by Paul Thomas and produced Vivid into the most-watched film of the year. And you, what are you waiting for?

WE'RE YOURS, JANINE!

I forgot: if you want to find out everything there is to know about your favorite actress, you can visit her official web page, which contains a ton of exclusive material for you to enjoy to the fullest. Go to: www.totallyjanine.com And if you're the letter-writing type, take note of her fan club addresses: 1601 N. Sepulveda Blvd. #507, Manhattan Beach, CA 90266-5133. Or: 9016 Wilshire Blvd. # 342, Beverly Hills, CA-90211. If she's got some spare time and likes what you send in, she might even send you a personal letter. Good luck!



JANINE IN THE FLESH

These are the best XXX movies this super sexy blond has filmed. Don't miss a single one!

1992
Hidden Obsessions

1998
Where the Boys Aren't, vol. 10

1994
Blondage
Vagablonde
Channel Blonde
Women In & Out of Uniform
Extreme Sex 3: Wired
Suite 18

1999
Seven Deadly Sins
Blondage 3

1995
Layover
The Player

2000
All Night Dinner
King of the Load

1996
Lethal Affairs
Body Language

2001
Deep Inside Racquel Darrian
Deep Inside Nexus
Sleeping Booty

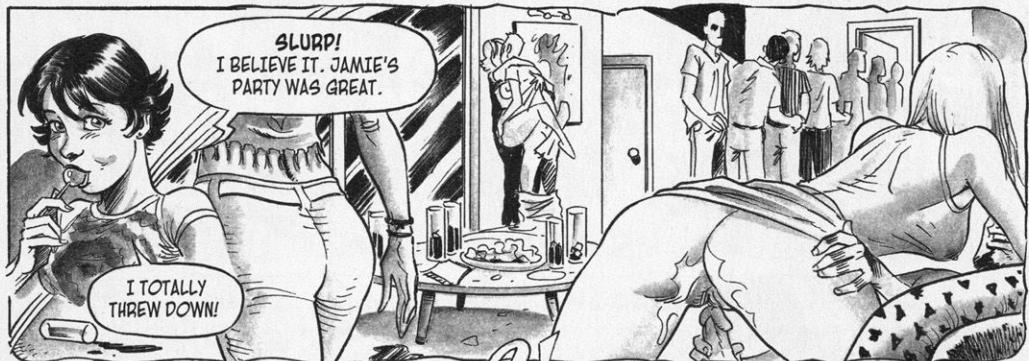
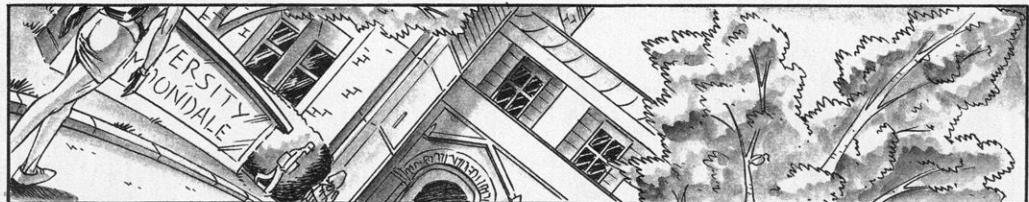
1997
Broken Promises
Sex Player
Temporary Positions

2003
Red, White & Blond

2004
Valley Cats
Nasty As I Wanna Be Nikki Tyler
Maneater



A MATTER OF TASTE







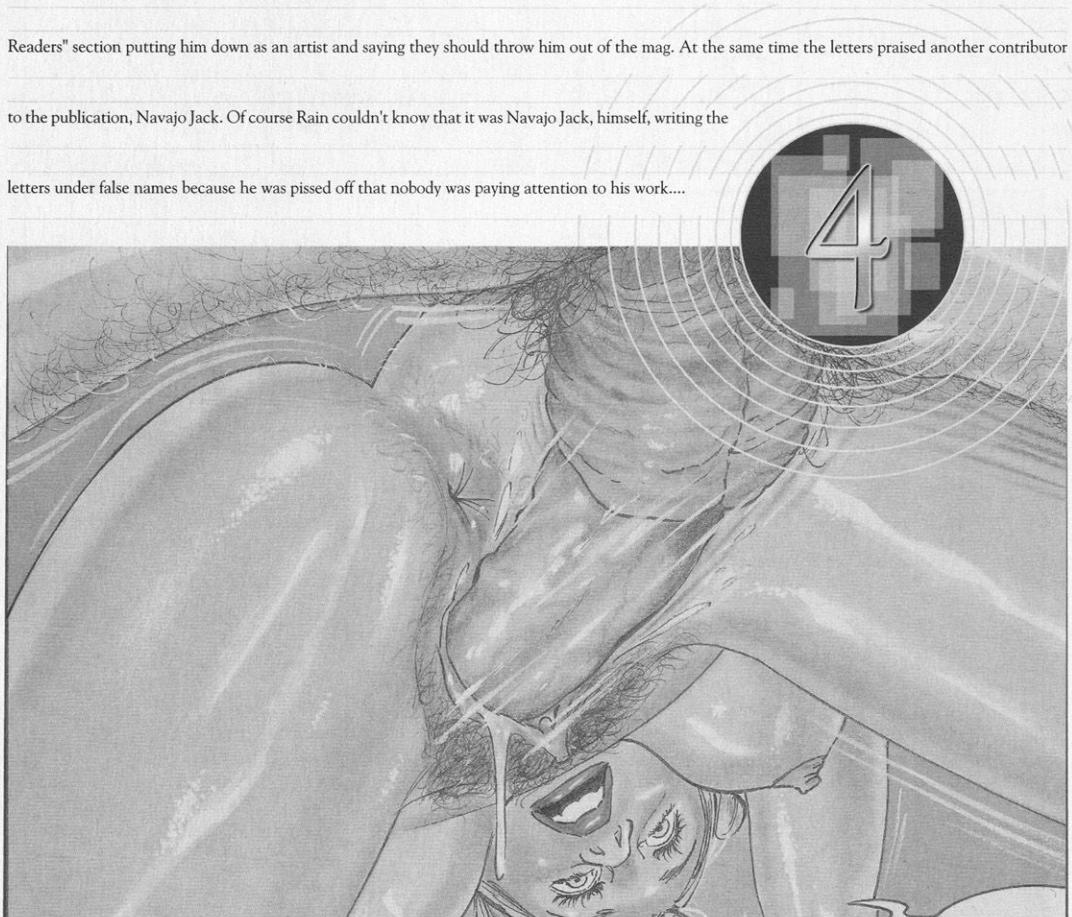




Rain-bow

by Ferocius

Jim illustrates hard-core porno for AAH! Magazine, but it's signed by his nephew Rain, who takes all the credit for it with fans and the media, as if he were the author. Jim contributes his fantastic illustrations and Rain his pretty face. Both of them benefit from the deal: Jim has re-launched his career as an illustrator and Rain is taking advantage of his popularity among the female fans to make it with lots of attractive girls. And so, our Rain jumped from bed to bed until he met up with what may to be his definitive lover, a girl he had a torrid romance with in our last episode that went beyond mere sexual satisfaction. Just when it seemed like things couldn't get any better, Rain opened the latest issue of AAH! and was shocked to see several letters in the "Letters from Our Readers" section putting him down as an artist and saying they should throw him out of the mag. At the same time the letters praised another contributor to the publication, Navajo Jack. Of course Rain couldn't know that it was Navajo Jack, himself, writing the letters under false names because he was pissed off that nobody was paying attention to his work....



INSTEAD OF PROTESTING DIRECTLY TO HIS EDITOR,
CLARENCE RETURNED TO THE PATRIARCH'S
HOMESTEAD, THE RAIN-BOW RESIDENCE...

DON'T LET IT
GET TO YOU, MY DEAR
GRANDSON, IT'S
FREE PUBLICITY.

NONE OF YOUR
ADMIRERS ARE GOING
TO DROP YOU BECAUSE OF
THESE ANONYMOUS LETTERS.
I'M SURE THEY'LL
SUPPORT YOU.

YOU
THINK
SO?

THE FUNNY THING IS,
SEVERAL READERS CRITICIZE
YOU AND THEY ALL HAVE THE
SAME STYLE, ALTHOUGH
THEY'RE WRITING FROM
DIFFERENT LOCATIONS.

IN THE
NEXT ISSUE A
READER MENTIONS
THE LAST
LETTER AND
SUPPORTS
WHAT IT
SAYS.

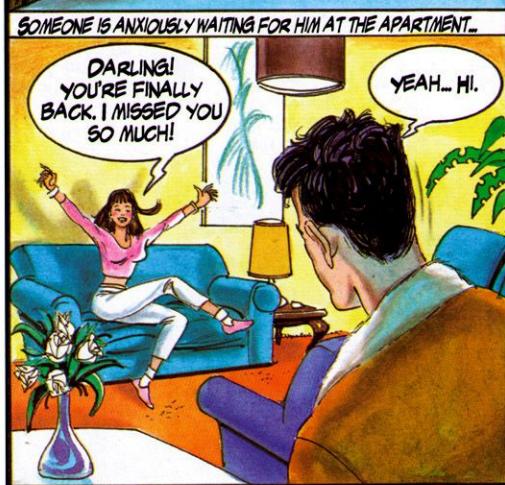
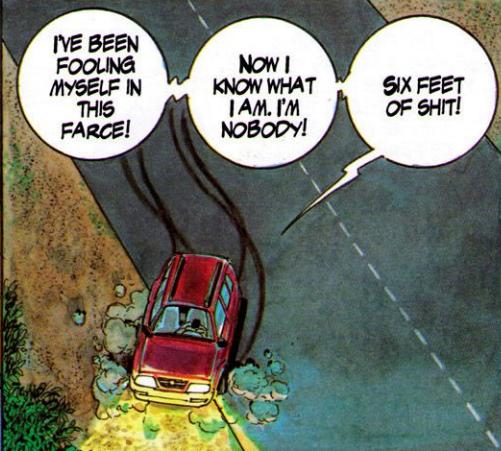
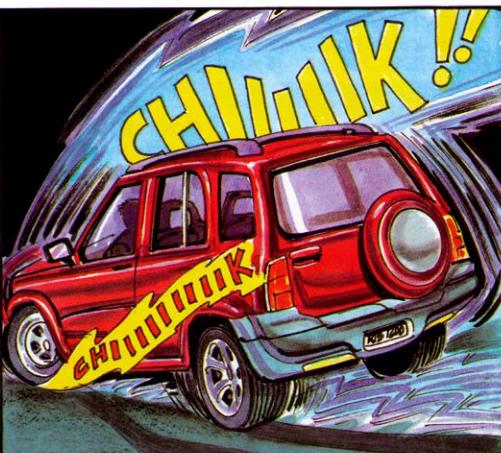
THE LETTERS SPEAK WELL
OF SOME AND BADLY OF OTHERS,
BUT THEY ALL SAY THE SAME THING:
YOU SHOULD BE KICKED OUT OF
THE MAGAZINE! AND...

"NAVAJO JACK
IS GREAT!"

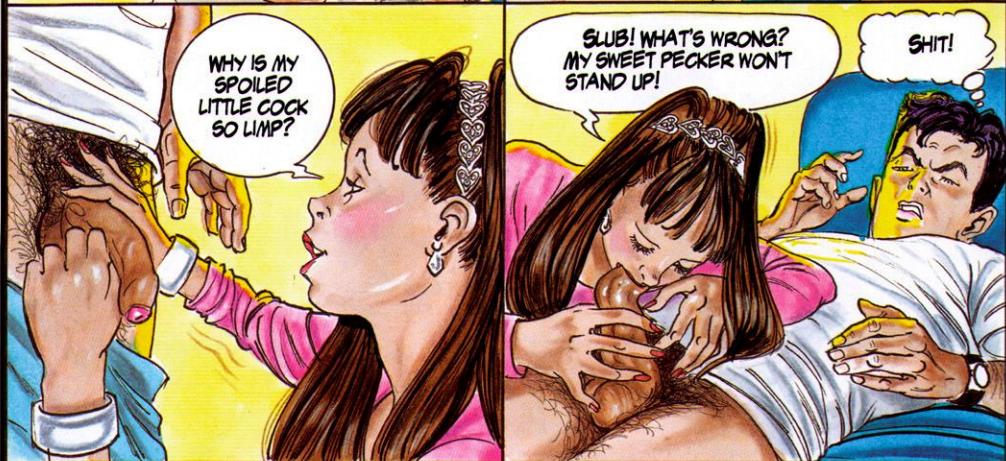
GREAT? WELL,
I'M NOT ONE
TO JUDGE.

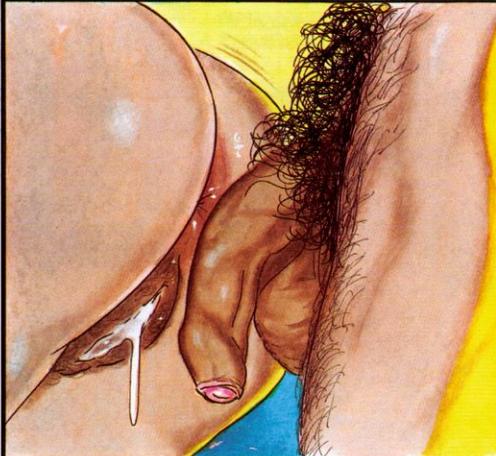
DON'T YOU THINK
NAVAJO JACK SHOULD
PUBLICLY THANK HIS
ADMIRERS FOR ALL THIS
PRAISE? HA, HA, HA.

RIGHT!
THE GAME IS
OBVIOUS, LIKE
HE WANTED ME
TO FIND OUT.
COULD HE
BE GAY?

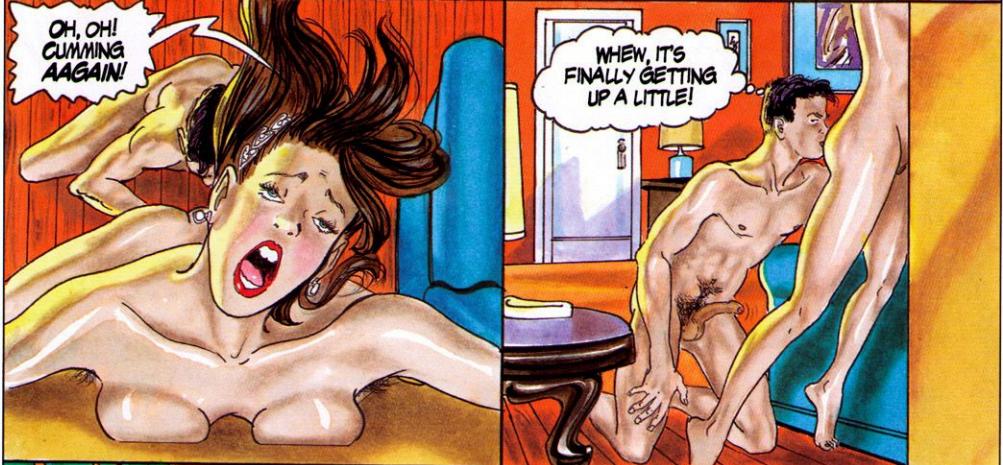


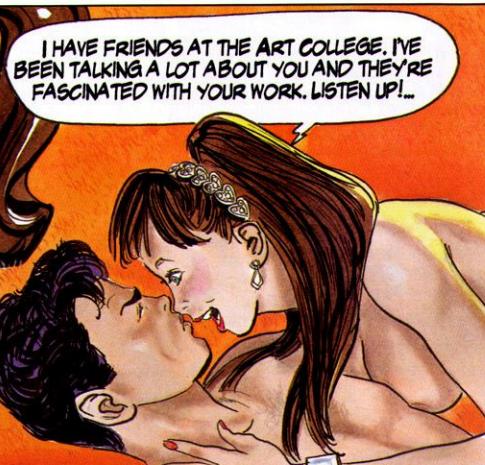
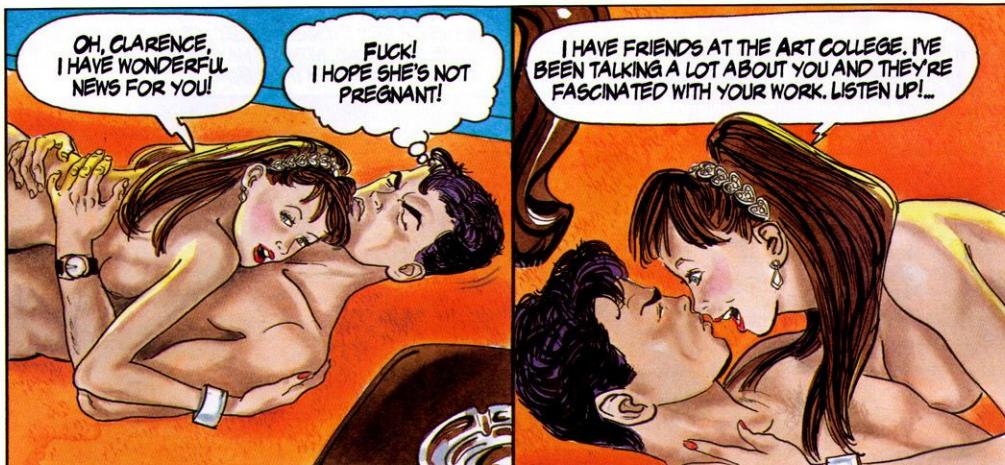
LATER...

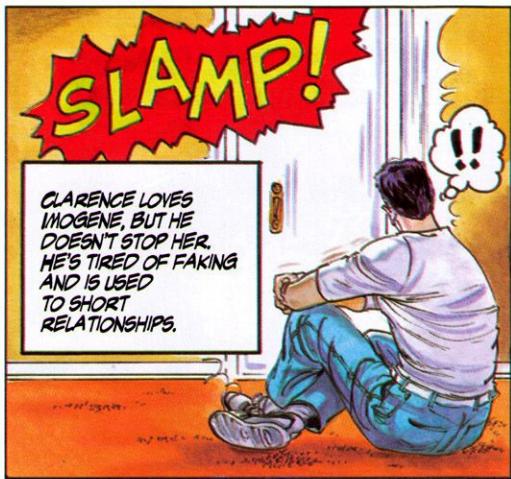




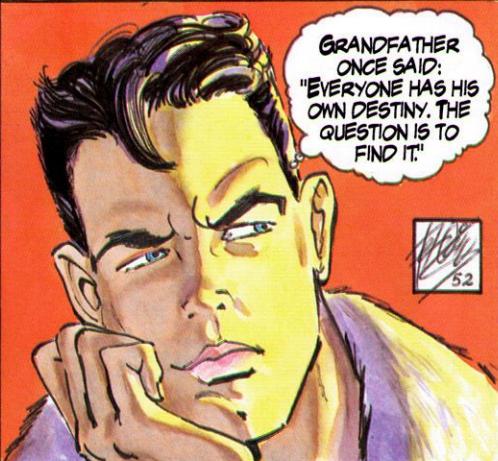
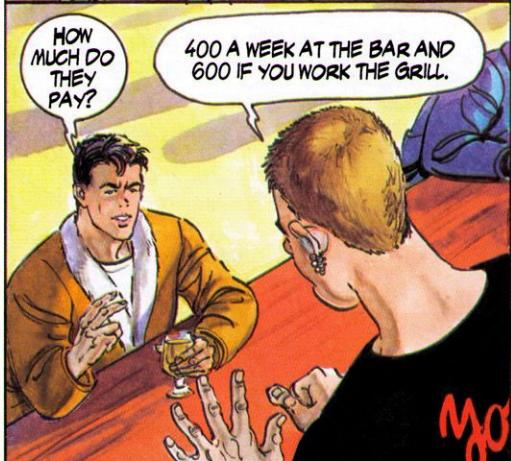
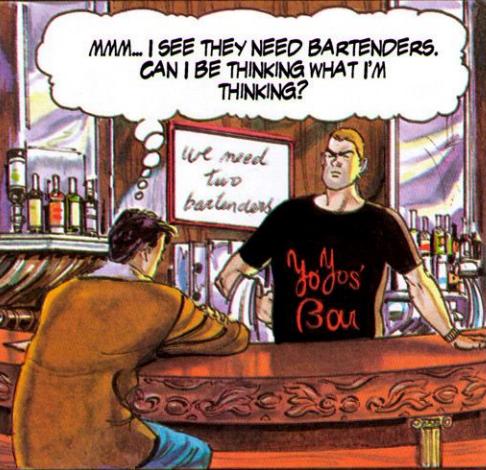
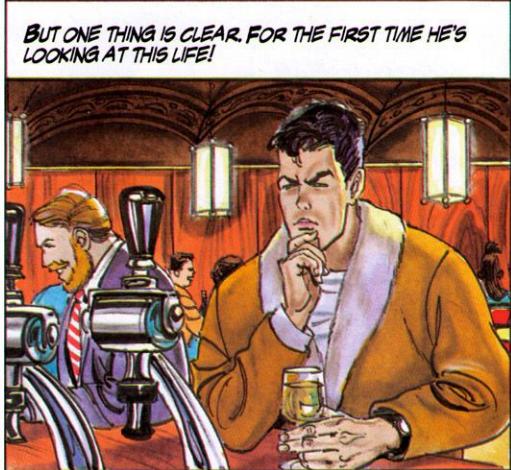
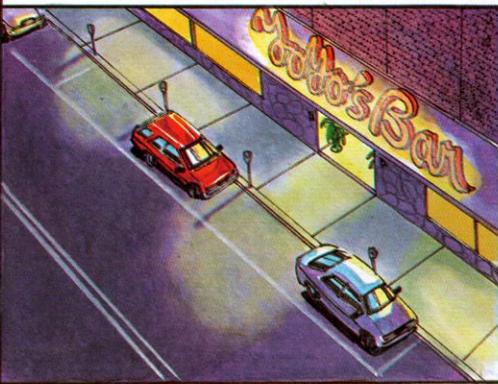








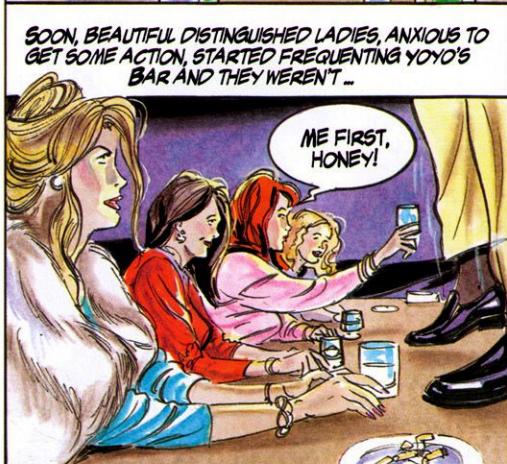
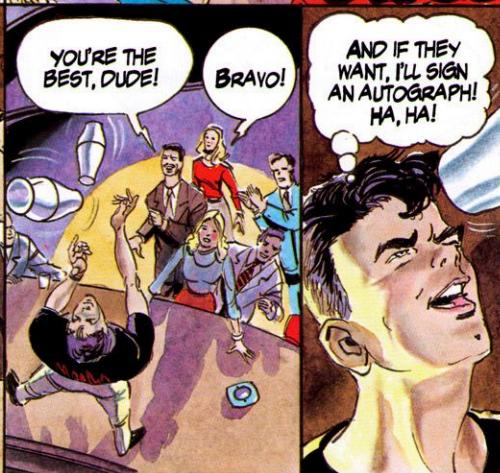
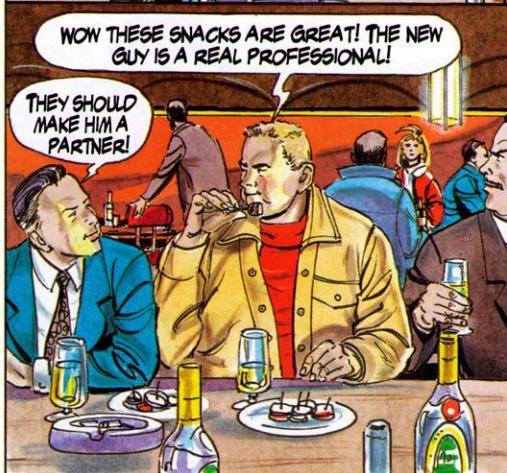
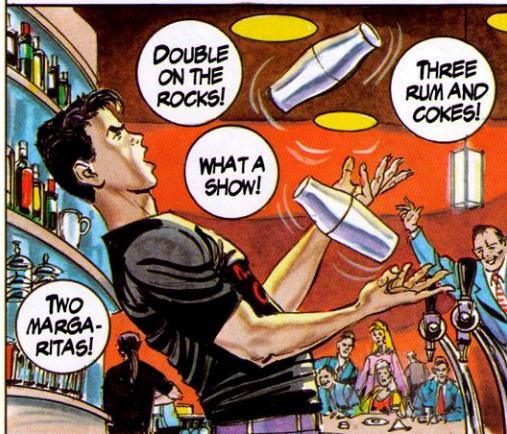
MAYBE A FEW DRINKS WILL LET HIM THINK AND FIND SOME SOLUTIONS, WITHOUT HAVING TO CONSULT AUNT ROSE OR GRANDFATHER BOH.



CLARENCE HAS A DISCUSSION WITH THE FAMILY...



AND THAT'S HOW CLARENCE'S LIFE TOOK A NEW TURN...

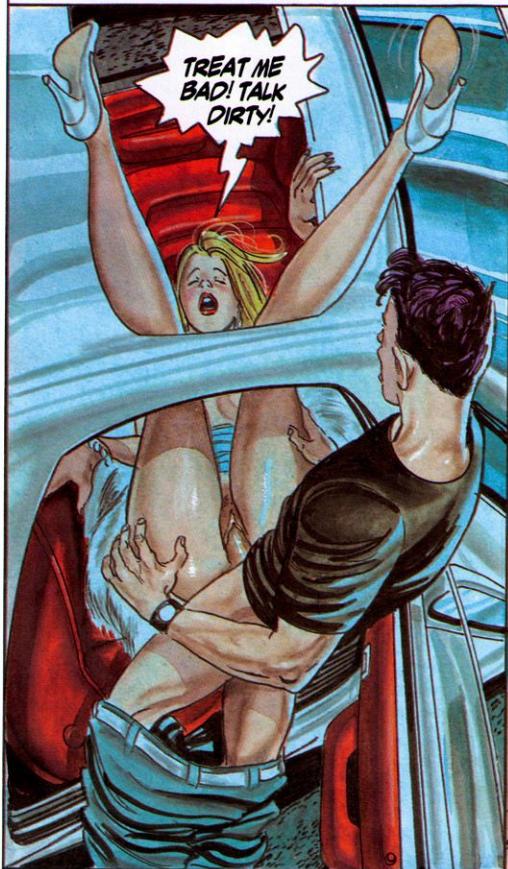


IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO REMEMBER THE NAMES OF ALL THE WOMEN RAIN FUCKED FROM THE BAR. NINETTE WAS AN EXCEPTION. BUT ONE THING WAS CLEAR, RAIN WAS RAIN!



55

NETTE THOUGHT RAIN WAS A ROUGH, LOW-CLASS GUY.
SHE WANTED IT CRUDE.



IMogene was the only woman Rain had ever loved. But he also realized that she loved a Clarence that didn't exist. He couldn't go back! He was determined to find his identity.



HE'D MAKE SURE NETTE DIDN'T MISTAKE HIM FOR A TAXI-BOY.

THAT'S WHY HE NEVER ACCEPTED TIPS OR GIFTS.

CLARENCE WOULDN'T DISHONOR THE PROUD RAIN-BOW CLAN.



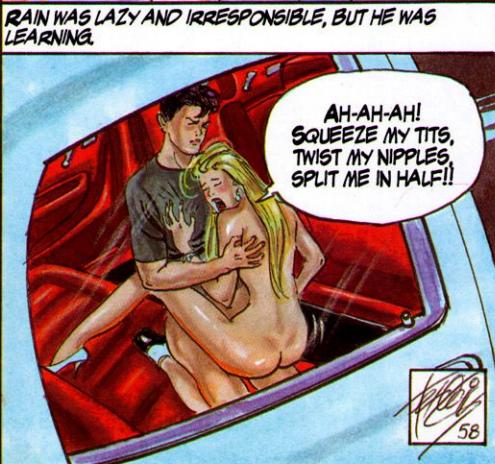
NOW HIS PRIORITY IN LIFE WAS HIS WORK.



NETTE WANTED TO TAKE HIM AWAY FROM THE BAR AND RENT HIM AN APARTMENT IN MALIBU, LIKE A BIRD IN A CAGE.



57





FOR A TIME HE FELL INTO A DEEP DEPRESSION. HE FELT USELESS AGAIN. THE TYPICAL "SYNDROME OF THE RETIRED."

WELL, NOW YOU KNOW WHAT RAIN WAS UP TO. HOW ABOUT BOB?



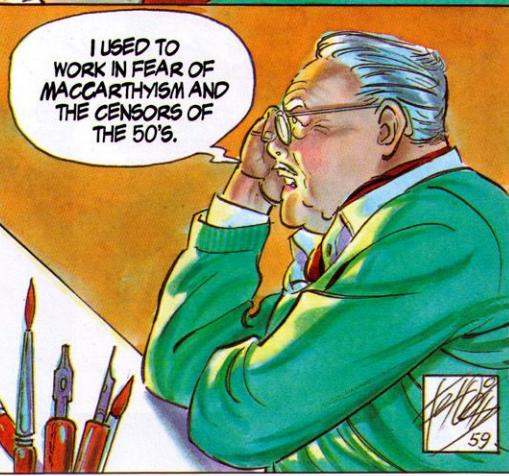
HE STOPPED DYING HIS HAIR.

THESE DAMN GRAY ROOTS! DYING MY HAIR EVERY TWO WEEKS! I'VE HAD IT!!!



WHY DON'T YOU GO BACK TO DOING COMICS YOURSELF? I'M SURE SOME PUBLISHER WILL WANT YOUR WORK.

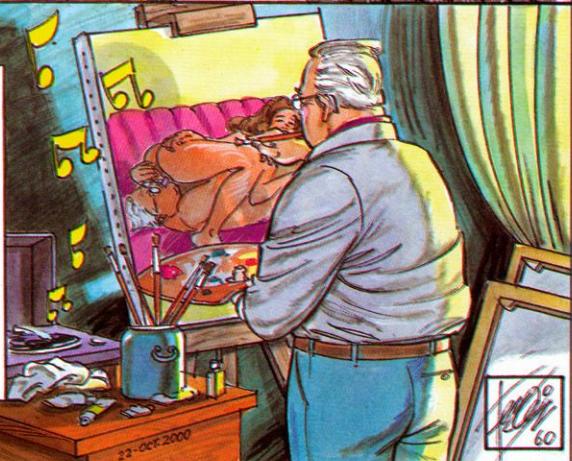
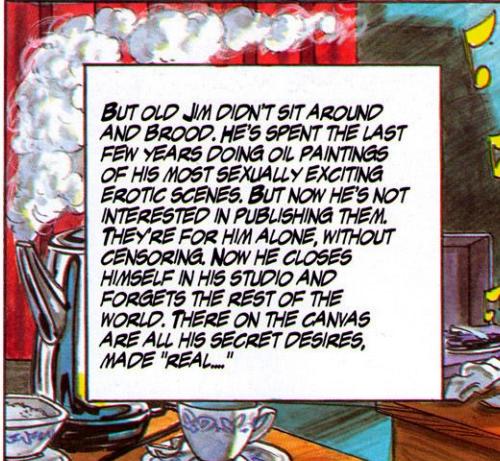
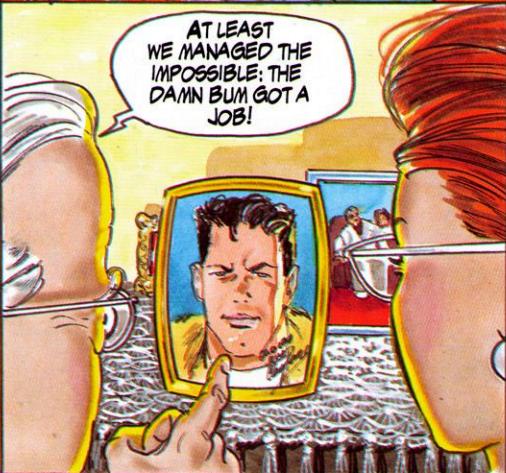
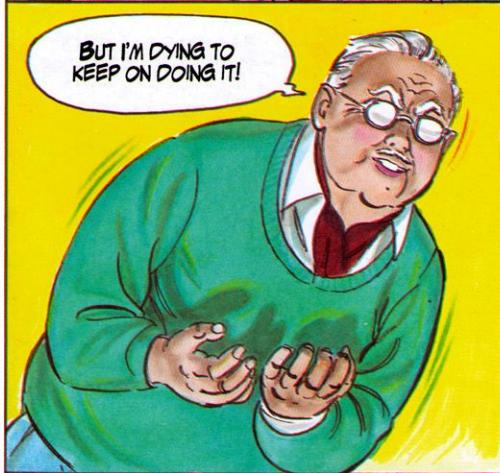
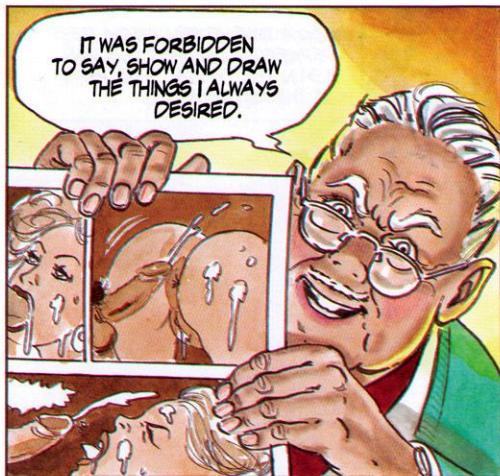
THAT'S NOT THE PROBLEM. IT'S THAT I'M FROM ANOTHER TIME, UNDERSTAND?



I USED TO WORK IN FEAR OF MACCARTHYISM AND THE CENSORS OF THE 50'S.



59.



SUBSCRIBE TO FRENCH KISS

USA & CANADA



Annual Subscription

4 issues: \$34

Starting from issue number

Back Issues: \$9.95 plus shipping

#1 #2 #3 #4 #5 #6 #7 #8 #9 #10 #11 #12 #13

Total

Name:

Address:

City:

Country: Zip:

I certify I am over 18

 Money Order Visa Mastercard

Credit Card Number :

Expiration Date

Cardholder signature:

Copy or clip and send order form to:

Midtown Comics
200 W. 40th Street
NY, NY 10018

(800)411-3341
(212)302-8192
(212)302-4775 Fax

You can also order through our website, at:
www.midtownerotica.com
e-mail: info@midtowncomics.com

REST OF THE WORLD



Annual Subscription

4 issues: 39 Euros or 34 US Dollars

Starting from issue number

Back Issues: 11,42 Euros or 9.95 US Dollars

#1 #2 #3 #4 #5 #6 #7 #8 #9 #10 #11 #12 #13

Total (Please specify Euros or US Dollars)

Name:

Address:

City:

Country: Zip:

I certify I am over 18

Method of Payment: Money Order Visa Mastercard

Credit Card Number :

Expiration Date

Cardholder signature:

Copy or clip and send order form to:

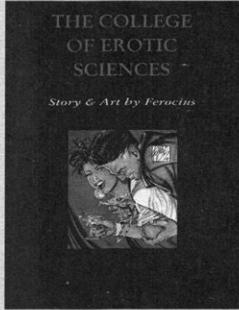
Ediciones La Cupula
Plaza Beatas 3 Etl.
08003 Barcelona, Spain

All shipping is through surface
mail, allow 4-6 weeks for delivery

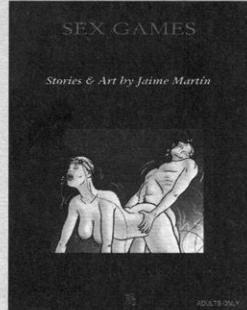
You can also order through our website, at:
www.frenchkisscomix.com
e-mail: frenchkiss@lacupula.com

LAST GASP OF SAN FRANCISCO

From the Pages of Kiss Comix



THE COLLEGE OF EROTIC SCIENCES
Learn how to do it right!!
48 pages color s/c \$12.95



SEX GAMES
Stories of sexual mischief
48 pages color s/c \$12.95

THE LAST GASP CATALOG

A choice of the current wave of adult publications, chosen in various countries to please a discriminating public.

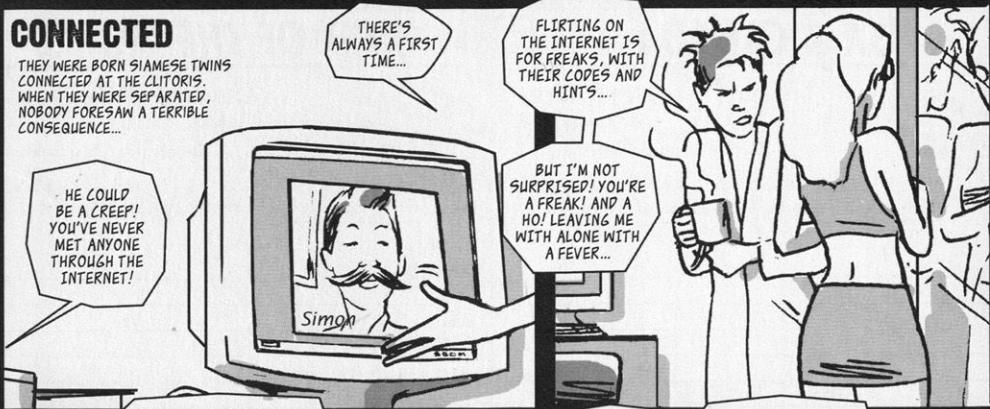
Name
Address
City
State Zip Code

I hereby certify that I am at least 18 years of age and am aware the catalog being sent to me contains publications of an adult nature.
Signature

Birth Date
Today's date

CONNECTED

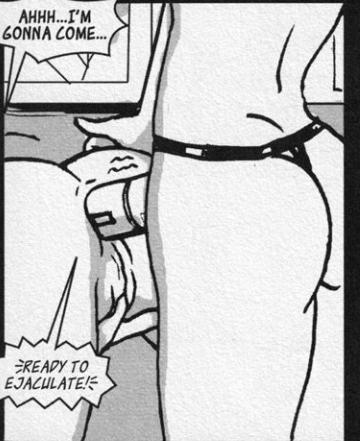
THEY WERE BORN SIANESE TWINS CONNECTED AT THE CLITORIS. WHEN THEY WERE SEPARATED, NOBODY FORESAW A TERRIBLE CONSEQUENCE...

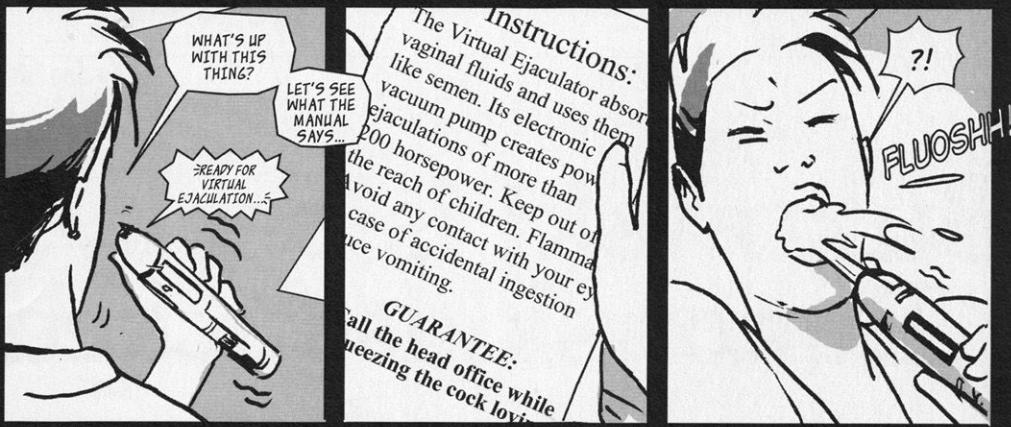












(YOU'RE WELCOME, MAN) THE END

Bukowski is back. Bukowski is fucked.

A room in the middle of nowhere. A sink filled with bottles of mineral water. A radio that doesn't play classical music. Eleven identical dorks sitting in eleven chairs around a table.

And Henry Charles Bukowski sitting in the twelfth chair.

—Hell isn't exactly a lonely place, like I wrote somewhere, but it is a closed door, like I wrote some other place - he's been repeating this since March 9, 1994.

On the table, a board game called *Horses and Highways*, a pair of dice and four pieces: one red, one green, one yellow and one blue. Hank casts the dice on the board; a one and a three. He moves the blue piece and bets on horse number four. Then, three of the dorks play and make their bets. The other seven are the audience at the races. Hank sweats, obsessed with his days in Hollywood Park.

If he could just lay into the eleven identical losers. But no. They're intangible. And so you can't bitch at them directly, he thinks. They don't talk or listen.

This is hell; Hank can only play this game over and over again. For all eternity.

-All this only exists in my head. I could rip up the board into a thousand pieces and they'd have to close the track. Forever.

And Hank throws himself on the board game. But he can't get a grip on it. His hands go right through it and it slips away as if the cardboard were water. He sweats. He starts a new game. Hank casts the dice with fury. Two sixes. His horse is ahead for the first time since he's been here.

-The moment to negotiate with eternity has arrived- he proclaims. Let's play hard. If I lose, I'll continue playing until I die again. If I win, I rip up the board. And I want a vat of white wine, kegs of beer, whisky, Cuban cigars, a computer and a whore with an ass like fresh jelly and a pussy that smiles at me and I want those losers out of here.

-It's my big bet- he screams.

A buzz followed by a voice invades the room: "Okay Hank, I accept your bet."

-Satan - yells Hank.

The door opens. A blue light, vaporous and cold surrounds him and suddenly he finds himself in the middle of a real race course. With real horses. With nine real tracks. With real losers. With real bookies. With a screaming audience. With money in his hands. He counts it: 100 dollars. Hank looks at the tote board, the lines of people placing bets, the asses and the tits of the women who pass by. It's like I'm alive again, he says.

- This doesn't have anything to do with what I wrote about the racetrack: "I go there to sacrifice myself, to mutilate the hours, to murder them..."

Satan's voice says that if he manages to turn the \$100 into \$1000, he'll win the bet.

Hank asks, "Where's the bar?"

Behind the betting windows, someone answers.

Hank opens a path through the crowd. He makes a place at the bar. He contemplates the bottles on the shelves. It's a wonderful, liberating image. He drops \$20 and asks for a beer. He drinks it down in one gulp. Another, another. The second race begins. He orders a whisky. And looks

around for a woman. He sees one at the end of the bar. Incredibly long legs, full breasts, round ass. He imagines her in bed with him. The horses are in the home stretch. The crowd roars. The P.A. system announces that 16 is the winner and 6 places.

-Perfect, I won. I would've bet on 7 and 18- he says to the bartender and orders another whisky and a Cuban cigar.

Satan's voice reminds him that there are only seven races left. Hank thinks that right now a woman would be ideal. A whore who costs... \$65 (he counts his money). He figures it'll be impossible to leave the tracks. It's part of the bet, so he won't bother looking for the way out.

Horse number 11 wins the third race, 13 wins the fourth, 5 wins the fifth, 8 wins the sixth. In the seventh, 3 wins. In the eighth, 3 wins again. Because of what's going on in the races, the atmosphere gets depressing. Only the winners and Hank are happy.

- I'm having a great day, I haven't lost a fucking dollar yet- he says to the bartender, who serves him another whisky.

One more race and everything will go back to the way it was before. Hank counts his money: \$15; he can automatically bet on the longest shot.

-It's your last chance, Satan reminds him.

-We're closing up- says the bartender.

Hank orders three whiskies and pours them into a glass of paraffin. The P.A. announces the start of a new race. It's on the main track. The crowd moves to the home stretch. Hank moves toward the ladies' room. He opens one of the stall doors and discovers the woman with long legs, full breasts and a round ass sitting on the john.

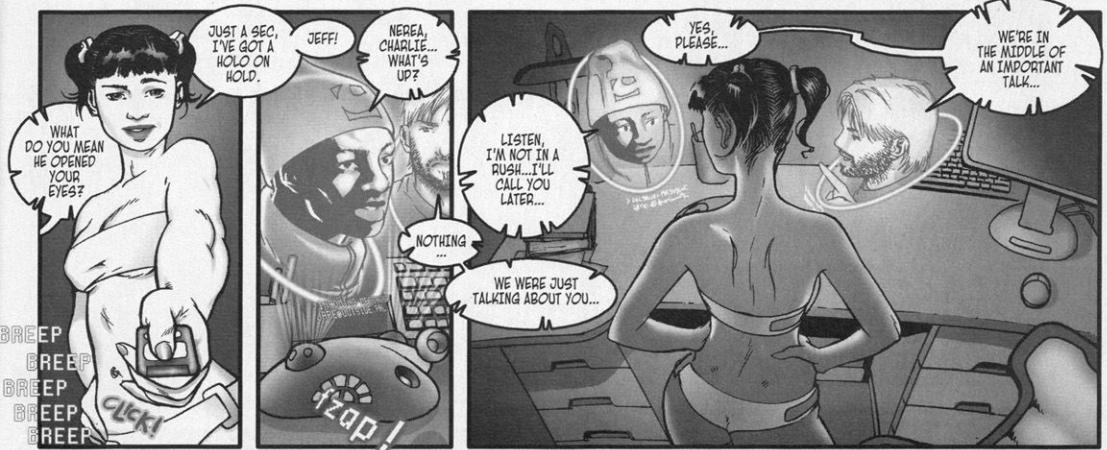
-Well, I'm done; what do you want to do now, Hank?- Satan's voice asks with legs spread and a shaved bush, offering him a tight, rosy pussy.

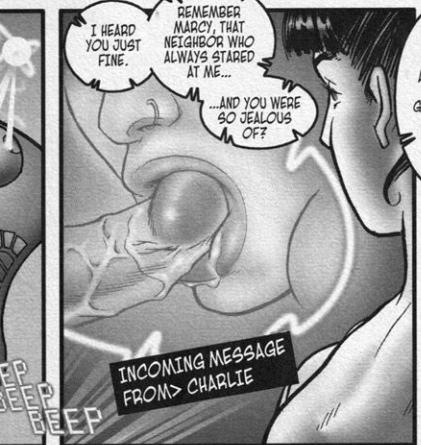
Hank grabs her head and gives her a long kiss. Then he slips his fingers in her pussy while she takes his cock out. She brushes her lips against it. Hank squeezes her tits and makes her suck it thinking that she'll swallow his cum. Hank pushes hard up against her... and she takes his balls and greedily licks them. Hank spits on her tits. He doesn't want it to end yet. He takes his cock out of her mouth and starts licking her nipples. Then he puts it back in. He thinks that fucking her would be too much work. And so he puts it back in her mouth. She runs her tongue over his balls and his shaft, and works on the head. She takes it all from her mouth and keeps sucking. Hank controls the movement, taking it out and putting it back in so he won't come too fast; it seems like time doesn't exist anymore. What time is it? How much time has passed? he asks.

-You want millions of little Hanks floating in your mouth and swimming around in your stomach, you satanic whore? - he yells when he can't hold on anymore, ready to let loose 11 years of accumulated semen.

And Hank notices that he's sinking into the restroom floor. The twenty-two arms, now real and strong, of the eleven losers, pull him down. His dick rock-hard, his cum about to explode out of him, a metallic laugh and Hank's voice, piercing, howling: Satan, I want revenge!

Way down at the bottom are the board game, the dice, the colored pieces and the twelve chairs.





OK, OK.
YOU TO KNOW:
THIS ISN'T
SOMETHING
TO BE TAKEN
LIGHTLY.

WOW,
AREN'T YOU
NAUGHTY! YOU
DON'T WANNA GIVE
ME TIME TO
SHOWER AND...

NOW.
GO GET A
HANDKERCHIEF
AND LEAVE THE
FRONT DOOR
OPEN.

NOW GET
SOMETHING AND
TIE IT AROUND
YOUR HEAD,
COVER YOUR
EYES.

AND
IF YOU'RE
GONNA TRY IT, IT
SHOULDN'T BE
JUST FOR FUN OR
TO GET BACK AT
SOMEONE.

THINGS
CAN GET OUT
OF HAND.

OKAY,
OKAY, I GET IT.
SO, WHEN DO YOU
THINK WE SHOULD
DO IT?

NOW.

OK, OK. TAKE
IT EASY, KID.

THERE, NOW
WHAT?

I DON'T
KNOW HOW TO
MAKE KNOTS.

KIDS THESE
DAYS GOT
SOMETHING
WITH
VELCRO?

WELL... MY
PANTIES.

PERFECT.
TAKE OFF YOUR
PANTIES AND
PUT THEM OVER
YOUR EYES, LIKE
THEY WERE A
BANDAGE.

AS YOU SAY.
IS THIS
OK?

ALREADY
HERE? YOU
SCARED THE FUCK
OUT OF ME.

YOU SURE
YOU WANT TO
DO THIS?

ONCE YOU
GET GOING,
YOU CAN'T GO
BACK...

SHUT UP
AND FUCK
ME.

ALRIGHT
THEN, TURN
AROUND AND GET
ON ALL FOURS.

LIKE THIS?

HEY, WHAT IS
THIS? BONDAGE...?
WAS THAT IT?

WHAT'S UP?
THINK I'M
TOTALLY
NAIVE?

...ABOVE ALL,
DON'T TALK.

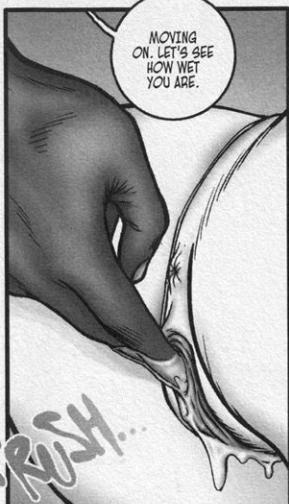
THIS WAS
THE NEW GREAT
THING YOU'RE
OFFERING
ME?

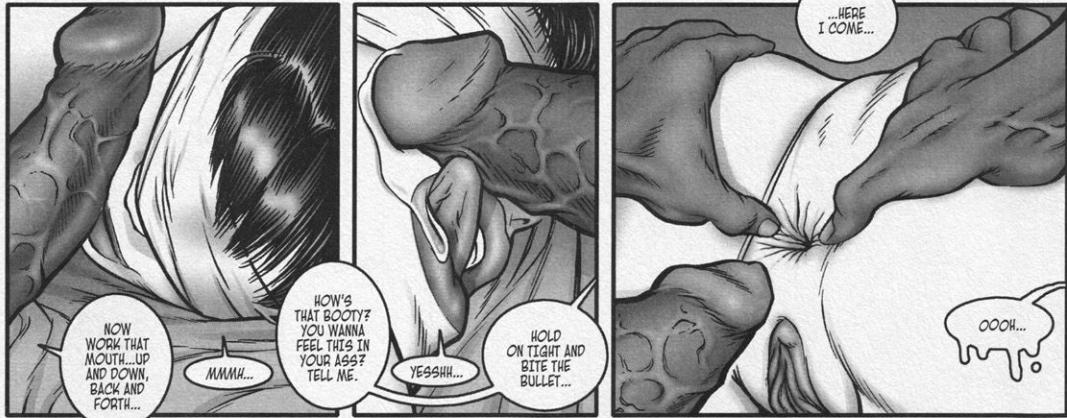
AFTER ALL
THAT MYSTERY,
YOU'D BETTER
GIVE ME
MORE THAN
BONDAGE...

MAMFFF!

LIKE I'VE
NEVER PLAYED
THESE
GAMES?

DON'T
WORRY, I'LL
TAKE IT OUT
WHEN YOU
NEED YOUR
MOUTH.









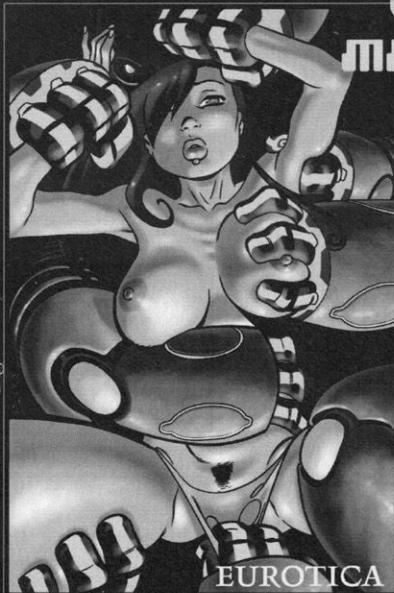
THE END

— NEW FROM AMEROTICA

Flesh & Metal

Vol. 2

MAN



FLESH & METAL, Vol. 2

Man

The cyborgs and men mix gets even more complicated with the revelation of a race of sexual vampires! An old order of catholics try to counter but the temptations are much too great!
81/2x11, 56pp, B&W trade pb., \$9.95, ISBN 1-56163-419-0

Also available:

Vol. 1

In a not too distant future, cyborgs rule the earth in a society filled with vice, corruption and murder, the powerful few exploiting the masses of humans. Knowing which is which is not easy, however, and the seduction of the perfect dream bodies of the humanoid robots is very strong indeed. Man vs. machine in a sex showdown!
81/2x11, 48pp., B&W, trade pb.: \$9.95, ISBN 1-56163-394-1



MISS DD, Vol. 1

Chiyoji

DD is one blonde vixen with massive proportions and a libido to match. Few men can—or would even want to—resist her abundant charms, and more often than not, her charms seem to make them larger than ever! An erotic Japanese manga by way of Spain's Kiss magazine with no naughty bits censored.

81/2x11, 48pp., full color trade pb.: \$10.95
ISBN 1-56163-376-3

Also available:

MISS DD, Vol. 2

Our big-busted beauty drives more men nuts. One sight of her and they all become sex machines! Miss DD the waitress leaves a ball of hair in a bowl of rice? The manager settles for vigorous sex after which he demands her to shave all her pubic hair for HIS rice! Spying on a hung hunk in action drives her so wild she's gotta have him till he cries uncle. And more!

81/2x11, 48pp., full color trade pb.: \$10.95
ISBN 1-56163-413-1



At your store or order at NBM, 555 8th Ave., Ste. 1202,
New York, NY 10018, 1-800-886-1223 (M-F 9-6 EST)
MC, VISA, AMEX accepted, add \$3 P&H for 1st item, \$1 each additional.

www.nbmpublishing.com

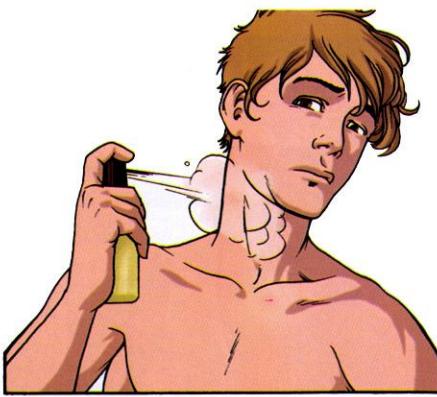
NBMP **KEEP YOUR EYES ON THE BEST**

Aftershave

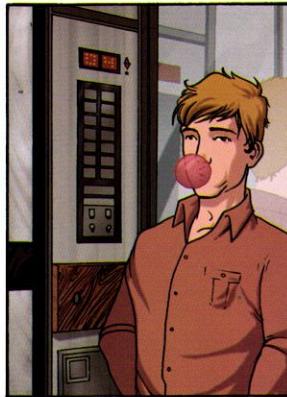
Diego Greco & Erdosain



"I HARDLY EVER USED AFTERSHAVE, BUT MARTHA HAD GIVEN ME A BOTTLE..."



"....AND TONIGHT WE WERE GOING OUT TOGETHER."



"I WAS... WELL... LET'S SAY I LIKED MARTHA."



"I ALSO LIKED THE GIRL FROM NUMBER FOUR, BUT IN A DIFFERENT WAY. SHE'D BEEN THE SUBJECT OF MY FANTASIES WHILE JERKING OFF."



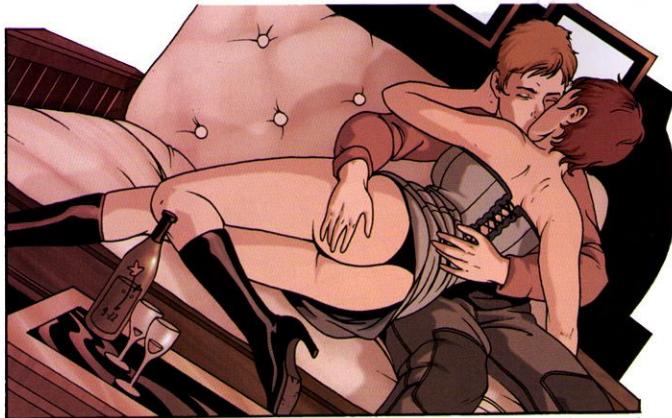
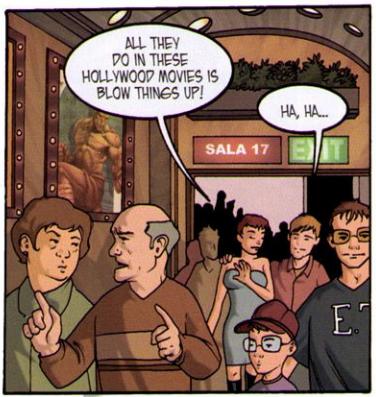
"UNTIL THAT DAY WE'D NEVER EVEN SAID HELLO."



I'M...
I'M NOT HENRY. I'M
STEVE... SIXTH FLOOR,
APARTMENT TWO.



OH...
SORRY... YOU USE...
YOUR AFTERSHAVE
CONFUSED ME.





"THE HENRY INCIDENT - THAT'S WHAT I CALLED THE ENCOUNTER WITH MY NEIGHBOR IN THE ELEVATOR - HAD MADE ME CURIOUS."



"I DECIDED TO INVESTIGATE."



"I LOOKED LIKE HENRY WAS A GOOD PERSON, WHO'D BEEN AWAY FOR A WHILE."



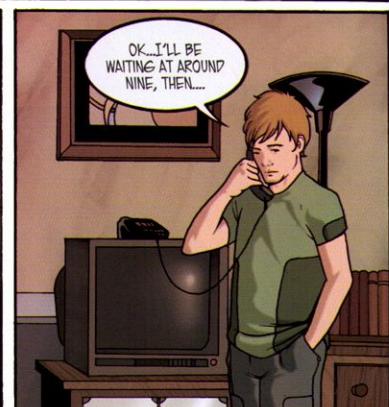
"I DIDN'T HAVE TO BE SHERLOCK HOLMES TO GET A CLEAR IDEA OF THE SITUATION."



"MY NEIGHBOR WAS BLIND, HORNY AND CHEATING ON HER HUSBAND."



"I COULDN'T HELP IMAGINING HER WITH THE MYSTERIOUS HENRY'S COCK IN HER MOUTH..."



"... AND THAT NIGHT I CALLED MARTHA, READY TO PROVOKE HER FIRST BLOW JOB."



"AS I SAID, I LIKED MARTHA A LOT,
AND IT WAS MORE THAN JUST SEX."

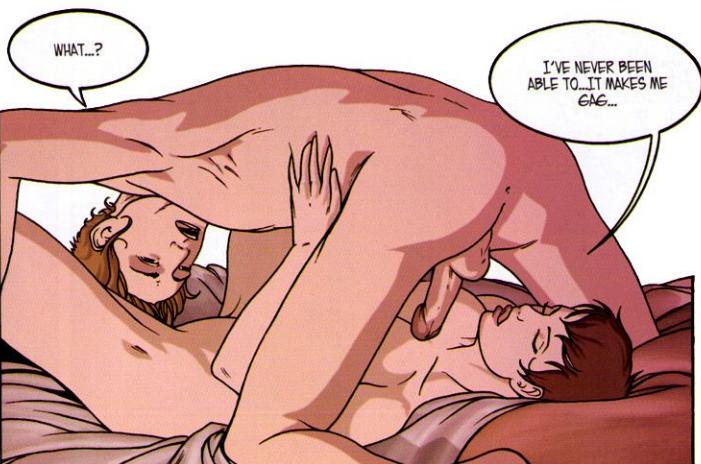
"I WON'T SAY I WAS THINKING ABOUT A
HOUSE IN THE COUNTRY TO RAISE OUR
EIGHT KIDS."

"THAT WOULD BE AN EXAGGERATION, BUT
I WANTED TO BE A GENTLEMAN...SUBTLE."



"I WASN'T GONNA PUT MY HAND ON HER
HEAD AND PUSH IT DOWN."

"I THOUGHT THE BEST WOULD BE TO TRY A 69..."



I'VE NEVER BEEN
ABLE TO...IT MAKES ME
GAG...



"COULD I HAVE EIGHT KIDS WITH A WOMAN WHO COULDN'T DO IT?"



HENRY!
LONG TIME NO SEE!
COME UP FOR A DRINK
WITH US?

"THAT'S WHAT I WAS ASKING MYSELF WHEN THE SECOND
INCIDENT TOOK PLACE. I'D PUT ON THE AFTER SHAVE."



"TIME STOOD STILL. WAS
SHE TELLING ME TO KEEP
QUIET? WHAT DID SHE
WANT FROM ME?"



WHAT DID HE
SAY, DARLING?
HE SAYS HE'LL
COME UP ...

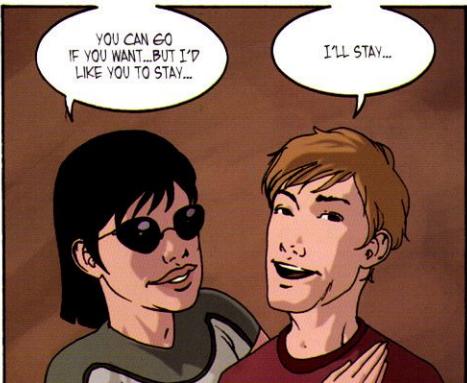


"BEFORE I COULD SAY ANYTHING, SHE CAME UP TO
ME AND TOOK MY HAND, LIKE THE FIRST TIME."

"THEN I REMEMBERED....RAINBOW FOUNDATION FOR DEAF-MUTE
CHILDREN....."



MAKE
YOURSELF
COMFORTABLE.
I'LL GET
SOME ICE.



YOU CAN GO
IF YOU WANT...BUT I'D
LIKE YOU TO STAY...

I'LL STAY...

"BY NOW I ALREADY KNEW, BUT WHEN HE LEFT US ALONE, SHE
CONFIRMED IT: HENRY (THAT IS, I) WAS MUTE."

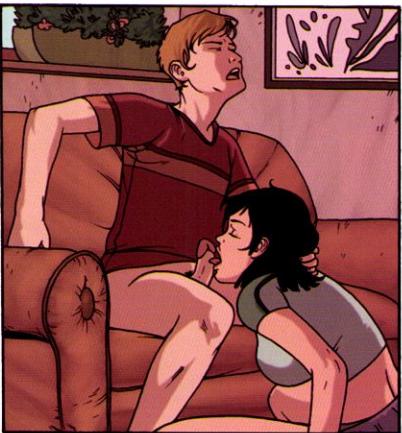
"I SUPPOSED THE LOSS OF SIGHT OR HEARING BROUGHT
PEOPLE TOGETHER LIKE BASEBALL OR STAMP COLLECTING."



"AT THIS POINT OF CRAZINESS,
THE FACT THAT SHE PULLED MY
COCK OUT RIGHT THERE..."



"...WITH HER HUSBAND ABOUT
SIX FEET AWAY..."



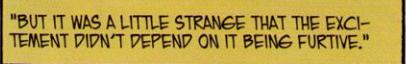
"...DIDN'T EVEN SEEM STRANGE."



WHAT DOES
IT TASTE LIKE,
HONEY?



CLICK
CLICK
CLICK
IT'S SALTY...
AND A LITTLE BITTER...



"BUT IT WAS A LITTLE STRANGE THAT THE EXCITEMENT DIDN'T DEPEND ON IT BEING FURTIVE."

"...IN FACT, IT WAS EXACTLY THE OPPOSITE."



"BUT WHAT DID I CARE... I WAS
ON ANOTHER PLANET."



AH...HENRY...
YOU HAVE TO COME
MORE OFTEN...

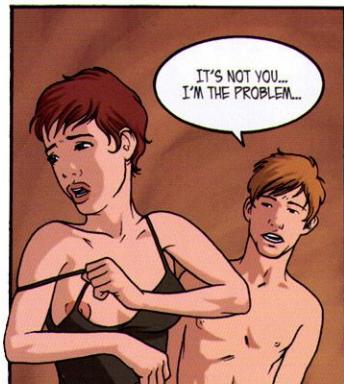
"THEY SAY THAT THE LOSS OF VISION DEVELOPS THE REMAINING SENSES...MY NEIGHBOR
DID WONDERS WITH TOUCH."



"FROM ONE DAY TO THE NEXT, I FOUND MARHTA INSIPID."

"WAS THE SECOND INCIDENT A SIGNAL? WAS LIFE SCREAMING IN MY EAR 'NO! YOU CAN'T GET STUCK WITH A WOMAN WHO CAN'T DO IT!?'"

"WITH YOU SILENCE IS NEVER UNCOMFORTABLE," SHE SAID. I DECIDED NOT TO DRAG IT OUT, BEFORE IT WAS TOO LATE."



"MY EXPLANATIONS WERE ABSTRACT AND NOT AT ALL ORIGINAL..."



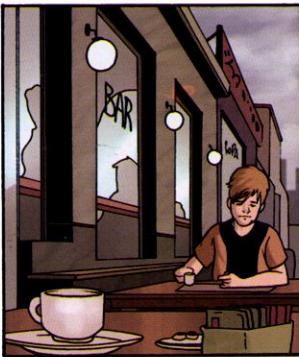
"AND I CONTINUED TO LIVE IN THE MUTE SKIN OF HENRY."



HOW DOES IT FEEL,
DARLING?

HARD AND HOT,
MY LOVE...





"WAS I DUMB? MAYBE... WAS I AN ASSHOLE? MAYBE, THAT TOO..."

"I WON'T LOOK FOR THE MORAL OF THIS STORY."

"ONE DAY, OUT OF THE BLUE, HENRY REAPPEARED."



"THE NEXT DAY, SOAKED IN AFTERSHAVE, I GOT IN THE ELEVATOR WITH MY NEIGHBORS. HE SAID, 'HEY HENRY, HOW'S IT GOIN'?"

"SHE TOLD HIM HE WAS MISTAKEN. THAT I WASN'T HENRY, THAT I WAS THE GUY IN NUMBER TWO, SIXTH FLOOR, AND THEN SHE APOLOGIZED FOR HER HUSBAND'S BLUNDER."

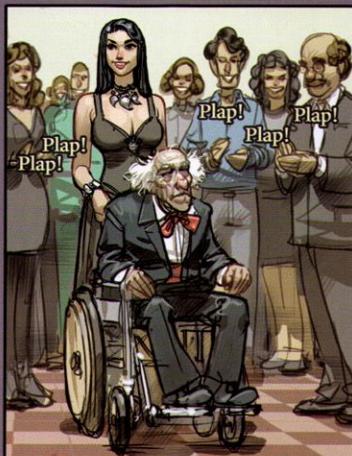


"WAS I BOLD, INDECENT, OR DESPERATE ENOUGH TO CALL MARTHA AGAIN? YES, I WAS ALL THREE."

"SHE WASN'T ABSTRACT ABOUT IT AT ALL. SHE TOLD ME VERY CLEARLY TO GO FUCK MYSELF."

EXPOSITION

Revelations of the wind



OH, MR. SPAM!! WHAT AN HONOR IT IS TO MEET YOU!

I'M A HUGE FAN OF YOURS!! YOUR MARVELOUS ILLUSTRATIONS HAVE BEEN WITH ME SINCE MY EARLIEST MEMORIES. MY FATHER COLLECTED ALL YOUR BACON & BASEY ALMANACS...

I AM SO GRATEFUL
TO YOU AND...
SNIFF... OH! EXCUSE
MY SHOW OF
EMOTION... SNIFF...
BUT I'VE DREAMED
SO LONG OF BEING
ABLE TO TALK TO
YOU...

NNUG NOG NU...

AND BELIEVE ME WHEN I SAY THAT YOUR
WORK IS AN EXAMPLE AND A DAILY INSPIRATION
FOR MY WORK AS AN ILLUSTRATOR.

UNFORTUNATELY
YOU TWO WON'T
BE CHATTING
MUCH. A YEAR
AGO HE HAD A
STROKE THAT
LEFT HIM UNABLE
TO MOVE OR
TALK...

HELLO. I'M ANNA, GIL SPAM'S
GRANDDAUGHTER AND THE
COMMISSIONER OF THIS SHOW.

OH, SORRY.

IT'S A PLEASURE.

CONGRATULATIONS! WHAT AN
AMAZING JOB YOU'VE DONE! ALL OF
YOUR GRANDFATHER'S WORK IS HERE...

HOW COULD I NOT BE!! HOW COULD I FEEL INDIFFERENT IN FRONT
OF THIS SUBTLE EROTISM! HOW COULD I NOT BE MOVED BY THE CANDOR
AND INFINITE CHARM OF "SPAM'S WOMEN"!

THANKS! YES, THIS IS ALMOST
ALL HIS WORK. I CAN TELL YOU'RE
REALLY INTERESTED IN IT...

WITHOUT
GOING
FURTHER,
HERE'S AN
UNFORGETTABLE
EXAMPLE OF
WHAT I'M
SAYING...

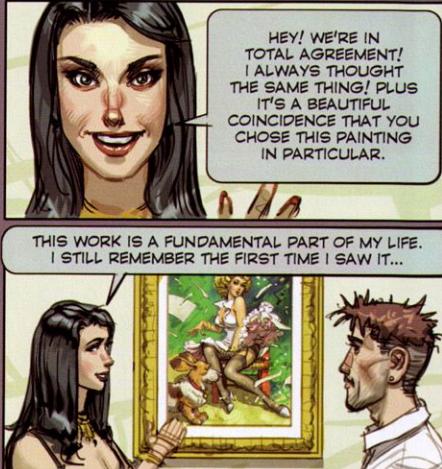
"REVELATIONS OF THE WIND"



ONLY THE SUBTLE, PROFOUND AND REFINED SPIRIT OF GIL SPAM COULD CAPTURE THE FEMININE ESSENCE SO COMPLETELY!



HEY! WE'RE IN TOTAL AGREEMENT! I ALWAYS THOUGHT THE SAME THING! PLUS IT'S A BEAUTIFUL COINCIDENCE THAT YOU CHOSE THIS PAINTING IN PARTICULAR.



I WAS ALMOST A WOMAN THEN AND I WAS ALONE IN MY GRANDFATHER'S STUDIO. I'D NEVER PAID ATTENTION TO HIS ILLUSTRATIONS, BUT THAT AFTERNOON I CAME ACROSS IT AND IT STRUCK ME. I COULDN'T STOP LOOKING AT IT: I FELT THE IMAGE, I LOST CONSCIOUSNESS OF MYSELF... I FELT THE WIND, THE SKIRT AND THE STOCKINGS. I FELT SURPRISE, SHAME AND THE PLEASURE OF SHOWING MORE THAN MY MODESTY WOULD ALLOW...

I FELT THE SENSUALITY OF THAT WOMAN AND THE DESIRE TO IMITATE HER. I EVEN TURNED ON A FAN THAT WAS THERE...



THAT INTENSE EMPATHY...

...LIT MY DARKEST DEPTHS...



AND I DISCOVERED MY PASSION FOR ART...

AHH...

FROM THAT DAY ON, A STRONG INTEREST IN MY GRANDFATHER'S DRAWINGS GREW INSIDE ME. I SPENT HOURS OBSERVING EACH TINY DETAIL. AND I LEARNED A LOT ABOUT HIS WORK AND ABOUT PAINTING IN GENERAL. IT SHAPED MY CAREER: I'VE GOT A DEGREE IN ART HISTORY.

WHAT WAS THE GENESIS OF THIS WORK? WHERE DID THAT SPARK OF GENIUS COME FROM?

HOW DID THAT IDEA OCCUR TO YOU, GRANDDAD?

WHAT AN IMPRESSION A REAL ARTIST CAN MAKE!

I WISH HE COULD REMEMBER!! WE'D LEARN SO MUCH ABOUT ART!!

OF COURSE I REMEMBER, ASSHOLE!! HOW COULD I FORGET MY FIRST IMPORTANT WORK!

NNNU NOG!

THOSE MEMORIES ARE AS REAL IN MY HEAD AS THE WHEELCHAIR UNDER MY ASS...

IT ALL HAPPENED IN 1951...I WAS IN MY FIRST STUDIO,
LYING ON THE FLOOR, DRUNK AND BITTER.



I HAD TO TURN A DRAWING IN TO
BACON & BASEY. I COULDN'T THINK
OF ANYTHING. SUDDENLY I HEARD
A SCREAM...



I WENT DOWN AND APPROACHED
A CROWD OF PEOPLE.



THERE ON THE GROUND WAS LARA,
THE POLISH GIRL FROM SC. SHE WAS
CRYING. A TRUCK HAD HIT HER DOG.



I PAUSED TO LOOK AT THE
RUN-OVER ANIMAL. THEN
I REALIZED WITH HORROR THAT
EVERYONE HAD GONE, LEAVING
ME ALONE WITH HER.



BEFORE
I COULD TAKE
OFF, LARA
GRABBED MY
HAND AND
BETWEEN SOBS
ASKED IF
I WOULD HELP
HER BURY
"ZUNY."



WE WALKED A FEW YARDS TO AN EMPTY
LOT NEXT TO THE TRACKS.



I WAS WORKING LIKE A SLAVE,
BUT IT WASN'T ENOUGH. THE HOLE
WAS SMALLER THAN THE BODY.

SHE TRIED HARD TO GET THE DOG IN THERE, BUT IT WOULDN'T GO. SHE CRIED, ENRAGED BY THE FRUSTRATION, AND GRABBED ME, CRYING...



SHE TOOK OFF HER DRESS
AND WE FUCKED LIKE DOGS.

Hummhummm!!!

Chup!
Chom!
Chup!



Flop!
Flap!
Flop!
Flap!



NNNNNNNN...

Ohh!

WHEN WE WERE DONE, SHE SAID
SOMETHING I DIDN'T UNDERSTAND.
RIGHT THEN A TRAIN WENT BY...



...AND THERE I SAW
IT...THAT WAS THE
IDEA I NEEDED!



...THE WIND FROM THE TRAIN LIFTED
SOME PAPERS AND HER PETTICOAT...



...TRUTH IS, THEY'RE ALL SLUTS...



WHAT DO YOU SAY WE SEE THE EXHIBITION TOGETHER?

YES, I'D
LOVE TO.



BUT FIRST...



TO GIL SPAM!!

Cling!!



NNNG... -

BAH! GO FUCK YOURSELVES!

Next issue

**DIEGO GRECO
& ERDOSAIN**



CHIYOJI



KARMAIKEL



**ATILIO &
IVAN**



NOE



**HUGE SELECTION OF EROTIC COMICS, BOOKS & MAGAZINES
ALL COMICS BAGGED AND BOARDED
WORLDWIDE SHIPPING - DISCREET PACKAGING**

**midtown
erotica**



ORDER BY PHONE 800.411.3341 **212.302.8192**

VISIT US IN NYC! MIDTOWNCOMICS.COM

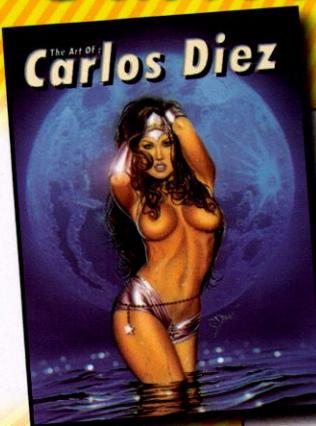
TIMES SQUARE 200 W. 40th Street, Corner 7th Ave. // GRAND CENTRAL 459 Lexington Ave, Corner 45th St.

The Art of Carlos Diez

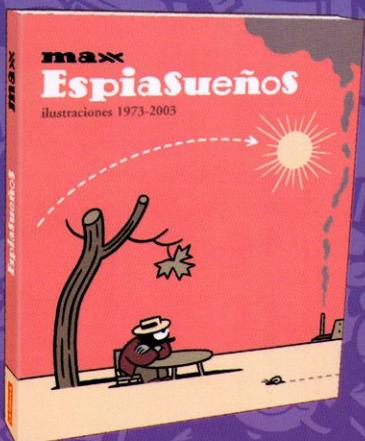
Collected for the first time in one super-heated gallery of erotica, the paintings of Carlos Diez amaze and enthrall! One of Europe's most imaginative pin-up artists, Diez takes his love of the female form and conjures up images of pure desire and very naughty fun! His women glow with raw sexuality, and if some of Carlos' models look a little familiar, well that's just his artistic license to thrill!

Brilliantly printed in full color on super-heavy weight coated stock, *The Art of Carlos Diez* is a MUST for anyone serious about keeping their library of fantasy and erotic artwork up to date! 104 pages, \$24.95.

To order and for the latest updates, you can visit Carlos online 24/7 at:
www.carlosdiez.com



Dream Spy



MEDITERRANEAN COLOR

An intense, brilliant palette, a galaxy of color, and incredible work of art: notes in the key of G and guitars, shadowy creatures and radiant characters, darkness and light from the pen of one of the most respected artists on the European scene. In *Dream Spy* each illustration has its own atmosphere, each frame is an immersion into a world of sensations, each part fits perfectly into the whole like a piece into a puzzle.